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*James Lence.*

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**THE BELVIDERE APOLLO**

**FAZIO A TRAGEDY**

**AND OTHER POEMS**

**BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN**

**JOHN MURRAY LONDON**

**MDCCCXXI.**

**MD.**





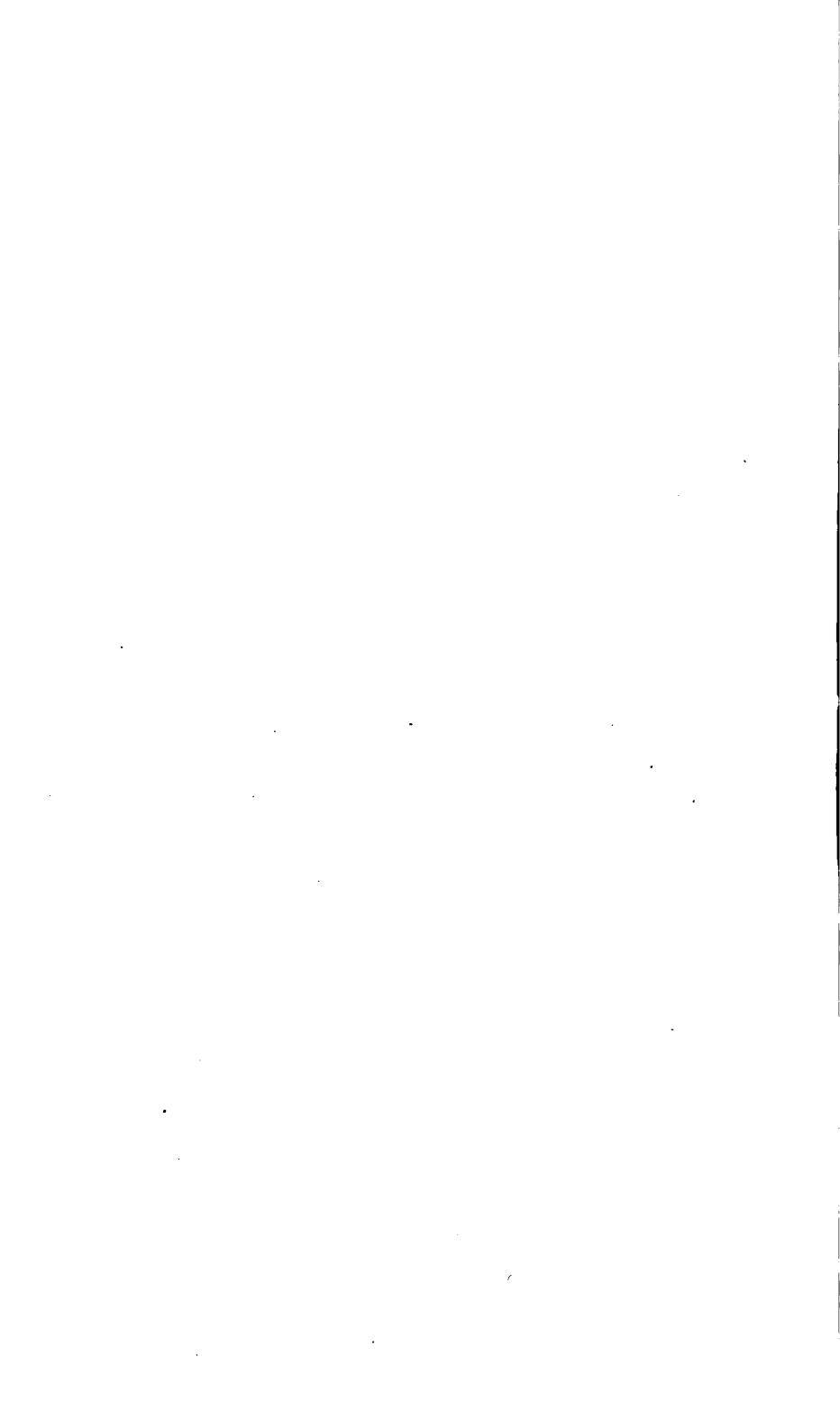
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## C O N T E N T S. .

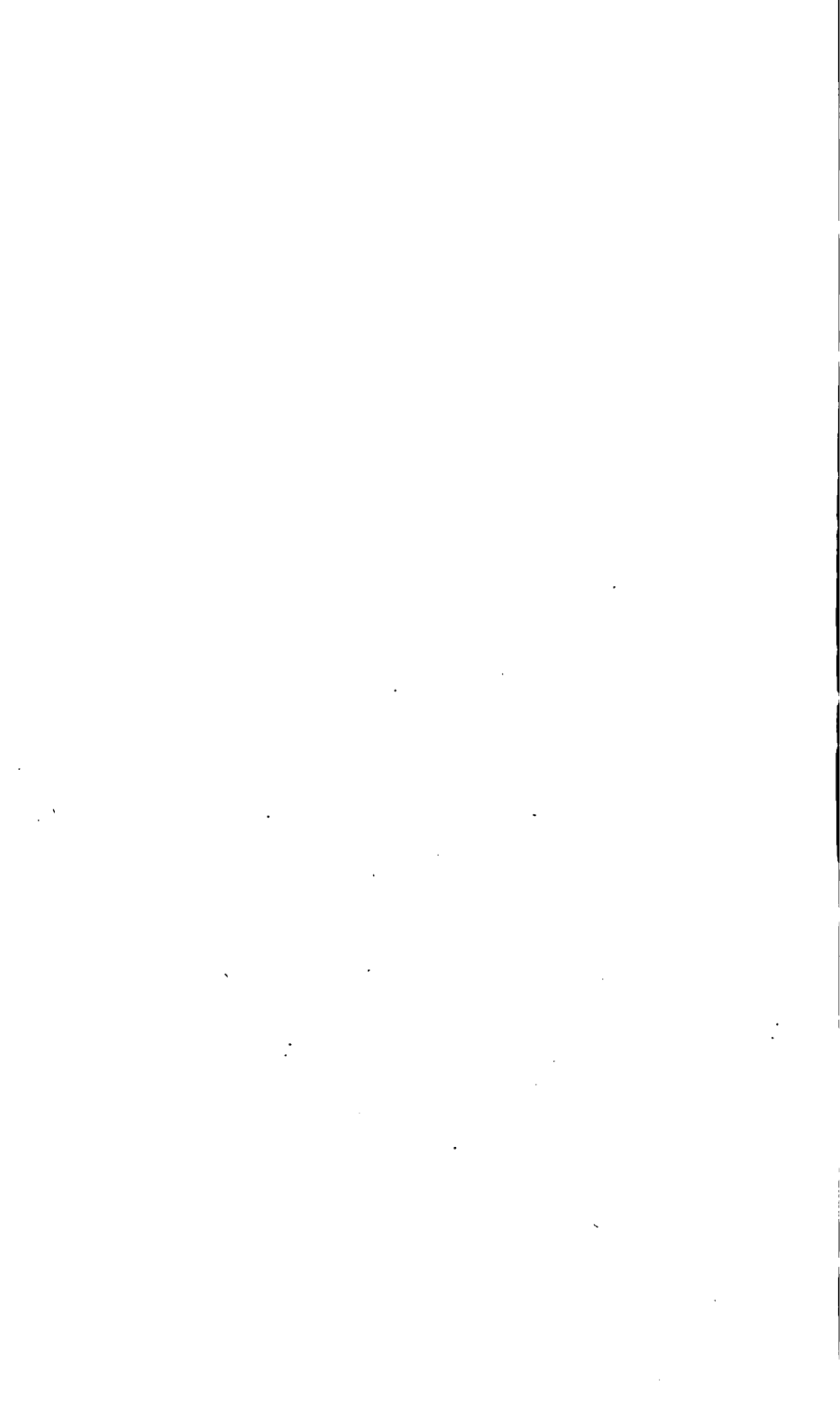
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|                                               | Page. |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------|
| FAZIO . . . . .                               | 1     |
| The Belvidere Apollo . . . . .                | 129   |
| Judicium Regale . . . . .                     | 135   |
| Alexander Tumulum Achillis Invisens . . . . . | 157   |
| Fortune . . . . .                             | 169   |



**F A Z I O,**

**A TRAGEDY.**



## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THE following attempt at reviving our old national drama with greater simplicity of plot, was written with some view to the stage. Circumstances and an opinion of considerable weight induced me to prefer the less perilous ordeal of the press: as in the one case, if its merits are small or moderate, the quiet sleep of oblivion will be infinitely less grating to an author's feelings, than a noisy and tumultuous execution in a public Theatre; if, on the other hand, public opinion be in its favour, its subsequent appearance on the stage would be at least under favourable auspices. I am aware, that there is a prejudice at the Theatre against plays which have first appeared in print; but whence it originates I am at a loss to conceive.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

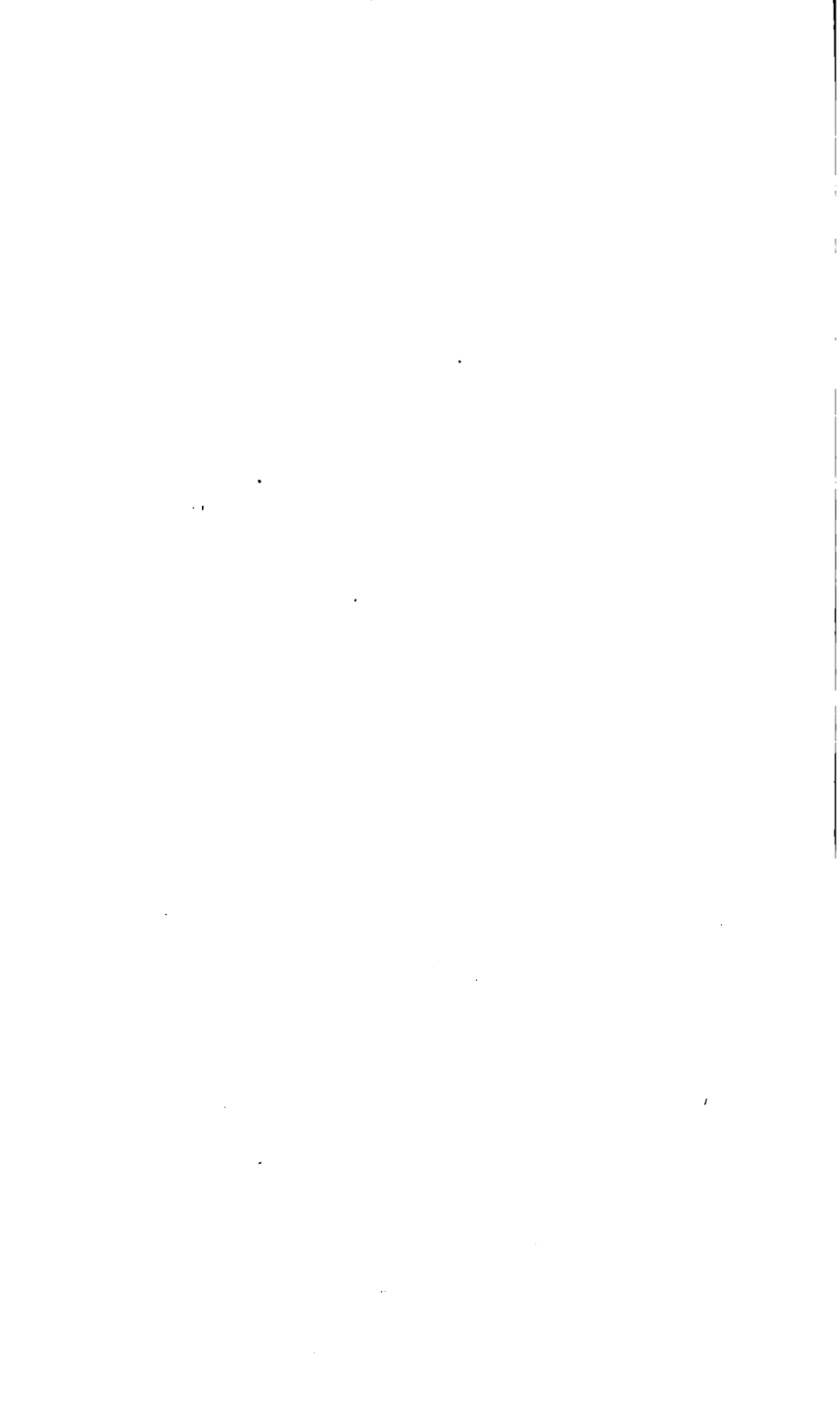
It being impossible, on the present scale of our Theatres, for more than a certain proportion of those present to see or hear with sufficient distinctness to form a judgment on a drama, which is independent of show and hurry; it surely would be an advantage that a previous familiarity with the language and incidents should enable the audience to catch those lighter and fainter touches of character, of passion, and of poetry, on which dramatic excellence so mainly depends. I put entirely out of the question those who go to a play from mere desire of novelty, whose opinions either way would be of very slight value.

The Play is founded on a story, which was quoted in the Annual Register for 1795, from the "Varieties of Literature;" but great liberties have been taken with it.

# F A Z I O,

A TRAGEDY.





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

*DUKE OF FLORENCE.*

*GONSALVO, } Senators of Florence.*  
*AURIO, }*

*GIRALDI FAZIO.*

*BARTOLO.*

*PHILARIO.*

*FALSETTO.*

*DANDOLO.*

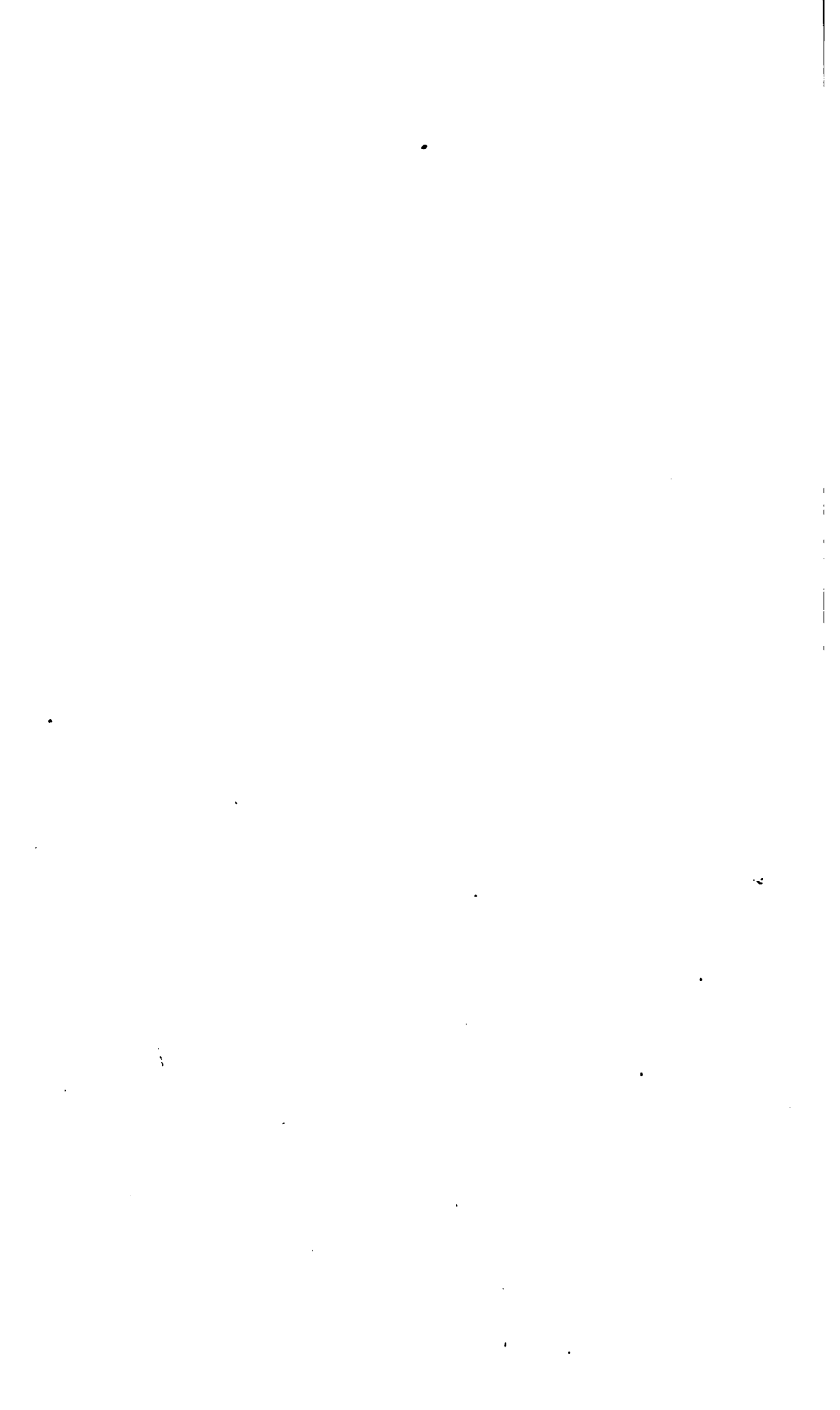
*THEODORE, } Captains of the Guard.*  
*ANTONIO, }*

*PIERO.*

*MARCHESA ALDABELLA.*

*BIANCA.*

*CLARA.*



# F A Z I O.

---

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A Room with Crucibles and Apparatus of Alchymy.*

*Enter FAZIO and BIANCA.*

FAZIO.

WHY what a peevish envious fabulist  
Was he, that vow'd cold wedlock's atmosphere  
Wearies the thin and dainty plumes of love;  
That a fond husband's holy appetite,  
Like the gross surfeit of intemperate joy,  
Grows sickly and fastidious at the sweets  
Of its own chosen flower!—My own Bianca,

With what delicious scorn we laugh away  
Such sorry satire!

BIANCA.

Which of thy smooth looks  
Teacheth this harmony of bland deceit?  
Oh, my own Fazio! if a serpent told me  
That it was stingless in a tone like thine,  
I should believe it. Oh, thou sweetly false!  
That at cold midnight quitt'st my side to pore  
O'er musty tomes, dark sign'd and character'd,  
O'er boiling skellets, crucibles and stills,  
Drugs and elixirs.

FAZIO.

Ay, chide on, my love;  
The nightingale's complaining is more sweet,  
Than half the dull unvarying birds that pipe  
Perpetual amorous joy.—Tell me, Bianca,  
How long is't since we wedded?

BIANCA.

Would'st thou know

J. G. V. R.

Thy right and title to thy weariness?—

Beyond two years.

FAZIO.

Days, days, Bianca! Love

Hath in its calendar no tedious time,

So long as what cold lifeless souls call years.

Oh, with my books, my sage philosophy,

My infants, and their mother, time slides on

So smoothly, as 'twere fall'n asleep, forgetting

Its heaven-ordained motion. We are poor;

But in the wealth of love, in that, Bianca,

In that we are eastern sultans. I have thought,

If that my wondrous alchymy should win

That precious liquor, whose transmuting dew

Makes the black iron start forth brilliant gold,

Were it not wise to cast it back again

Into its native darkness?

BIANCA.

Out upon it!—

Oh, leave it there, my Fazio!—Leave it there!—

I hate it!—"Tis my rival, 'tis thy mistress.—  
Ay, this it is that makes thee strange and restless,  
A truant to thine own Bianca's arms,  
This wondrous secret.

FAZIO.

Dost thou know, Bianca,  
Our neighbour, old Bartolo?

BIANCA.

O yes, yes—  
That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stain'd  
With watching his own gold; every one knows him  
Enough to loathe him. Not a friend hath he,  
Nor kindred nor familiar; not a slave,  
Not a lean serving wench: nothing e'er enter'd  
But his spare self within his jealous doors,  
Except a wand'ring rat; and that, they say,  
Was famine-struck, and died there.—What of him?

FAZIO.

Yet he, Bianca, he is of our rich ones.  
There's not a galliot on the sea, but bears

A venture of Bartolo's; not an acre,  
Nay, not a villa of our proudest princes,  
But he hath cramp'd it with a mortgage; he,  
He only stocks our prisons with his debtors.  
I saw him creeping home last night; he shudder'd  
As he unlock'd his door, and look'd around,  
As if he thought that every breath of wind  
Were some keen thief; and when he lock'd him in,  
I heard the grating key turn twenty times,  
To try if all were safe. I look'd again  
From our high window by mere chance, and saw  
The motion of his scanty moping lantern;  
And, where his wind-rent lattice was ill stuff'd  
With tatter'd remnants of a money-bag,  
Through cobwebs and thick dust I spied his face,  
Like some dry wither-boned anatomy,  
Through a huge chestlid, jealousy and scantily  
Uplifted, peering upon coin and jewels,  
Ingots and wedges, and broad bars of gold,  
Upon whose lustre the wan light shone muddily,



As though the New World had outrun the Spaniard,  
And emptied all its mines in that coarse hovel.  
His ferret eyes gloated as wanton o'er them,  
As a gross Satyr on a sleeping Nymph ;  
And then, as he heard something like a sound,  
He clapp'd the lid to, and blew out the lantern.  
But I, Bianca, hurried to thy arms,  
And thank'd my God that I had braver riches.

BIANCA.

Oh then, let that black furnace burst : dash down  
Those ugly and mishapen jars and vials.  
Nay, nay, most sage philosopher, to-night,  
At least to-night, be only thy Bianca's. [*She clings to him.*]

FAZIO (*looking fondly at her*).

Why e'en the Prince of Bards was false and slanderous,  
Who girt Jove's bride in that voluptuous zone,  
Ere she could win her weary lord to love ;  
While my earth-born Bianca bears by nature  
An ever-blooming cæstus of delight !

BIANCA.

So courtly and so fanciful, my Fazio !  
Which of our dukes hath lent thee his cast poesies ?  
Why, such a musical and learned phrase  
Had soften'd the marchesa, Aldabella,  
That high signora, that once pamper'd thee  
Almost to madness with her rosy smiles ;  
And then my lady queen put on her winter,  
And froze thee till thou wert a very icicle,  
Had not the lowly and despised Bianca  
Shone on it with the summer of her pity.

FAZIO.

Nay, taunt not her, Bianca, taunt not her !  
Thy Fazio loved her once. Who, who would blame  
Heaven's moon, because a maniac hath adored it,  
And died in his dotage ? E'en a saint might wear  
Proud Aldabella's scorn, nor look less heavenly.  
Oh, it dropt balm upon the wounds it gave,  
The soul was pleased to be so sweetly wrong'd,  
And misery grew rapturous. Aldabella !

The gracious! the melodious! Oh, the words  
Laugh'd on her lips; the motion of her smiles  
Shower'd beauty, as the air-caressed spray  
The dews of morning; and her stately steps  
Were light as though a winged angel trod  
Over earth's flowers, and fear'd to brush away  
Their delicate hues; ay, e'en her very robes  
Were animate and breathing, as they felt  
The presence of her loveliness, spread around  
Their thin and gauzy clouds, ministering freely  
Officious duty on the shrine where Nature  
Hath lavish'd all her skill.

BIANCA.

A proud loose wanton!

FAZIO.

She wanton!—Aldabella loose!—Then, then  
Are the pure lilies black as soot within,  
The stainless virgin snow is hot and rancid,  
And chastity——ay, it may be in heaven,  
But all beneath the moon is wild and haggard.

If she be spotted, oh, unholiness  
Hath never been so delicately lodged  
Since that bad devil walk'd fair Paradise.

BIANCA.

Already silent? Hath your idol quaff'd  
Enough of your soft incense? Fazio! Fazio!  
But that her gaudy bark would aye disdain  
The quiet stream whereon we glide so smooth,  
I should be fearful of ye.

FAZIO.

Nay, unjust!

Ungenerous Bianca! who foregoes,  
For the gay revel of a golden harp,  
Its ecstasies and rich enchanting falls,  
His own domestic lute's familiar pleasing?  
But thou, thou vain and wanton in thy power,  
Thou know'st canst make e'en jealousy look lovely,  
And all thy punishment for that bad passion  
Be this—*[kisses her]*—Good night!—I will but snatch a  
look

How the great crucible doth its slow work,  
And be with thee ; unless thou fanciest, sweet,  
That Aldabella lurks behind the furnace ;  
And then, heaven knows how long I may be truant.

[*Exit* BIANCA.

FAZIO (*solus*).

Oh, what a star of the first magnitude  
Were poor young Fazio, if his skill should work  
The wondrous secret your deep-closetted sages  
Grow grey in dreaming of ! Why all our Florence  
Would be too narrow for his branching glories ;  
It would o'erleap the Alps, and all the north  
Troop here to see the great philosopher.  
He would be wealthy too—wealthy in fame ;  
And that's more golden than the richest gold.

[*A groan without.*

Holy St. Francis ! what a groan was there !

*Voice without.*

Within there !—Oh ! within there, neighbour !—Death,  
Murder, and merciless robbery !

FAZIO *opens the Door.*

What! Bartolo!

BARTOLO.

Thank ye, my friend! Ha! ha! ha! my old limbs!  
I did not think them half so tough and sinewy.  
St. Dominic! but their pins prick'd close and keen.  
Six of 'em, strong and sturdy, with their daggers,  
Tickling the old man to let loose his ducats.

FAZIO.

Who, neighbour, who?

BARTOLO.

Robbers, black crape-faced robbers,  
Your only blood-suckers, that drain your veins,  
And yet their meagre bodies aye grow sparer.  
They knew that I had monies from the Duke,  
But I o'erreach'd them, neighbour: not a ducat,  
Nay, not a doit, to cross themselves withal,  
Got they from old Bartolo.—Oh, I bleed!  
And my old heart beats minutes like a clock.

FAZIO.

A surgeon, friend !

BARTOLO.

Ay, one of your kind butchers,  
Who cut and slash your flesh for their own pastime,  
And then, God bless the mark ! they must have money !  
Gold, gold, or nothing ! Silver is grown coarse,  
And rings unhandsomely. Have I scaped robbing,  
Only to give ?——Oh there ! there ! there ! Cold, cold,  
Cold as December.

FAZIO.

Nay, then, a confessor !

BARTOLO.

A confessor ! one of your black smooth talkers,  
That drone the name of God incessantly,  
Like the drear burthen of a doleful ballad !  
That sing to one of bounteous codicils  
To the Franciscans or some hospital !  
Oh ! there's a shooting !——Oozing here !——Ah me !  
My ducats and my ingots scarcely cold

From the hot Indies!—Oh! and I forgot  
To seal those jewels from the Milan Duke!  
Oh! misery, misery!—Just this very day,  
And that mad spendthrift Angelo hath not sign'd  
The mortgage on those meadows by the Arno.  
Oh! misery, misery!—Yet I scaped them bravely,  
And brought my ducats off!— [Dies.

## FAZIO.

Why e'en lie there, as foul a mass of earth  
As ever loaded it. 'Twere sin to charity  
To wring one drop of brine upon thy corpse.  
In sooth, Death's not nice-stomach'd, to be cramm'd  
With such unsavoury offal. What a God  
'Mong men might this dead wither'd thing have been,  
That now must rot beneath the earth, as once  
He rotted on it! Why his wealth had won  
In better hands an atmosphere around him,  
Musical ever with the voice of blessing,  
Nations around his tomb, like marble mourners,  
Vied for their pedestals.—In better hands?



Methinks these fingers are nor coarse nor clumsy.  
Philosophy! Philosophy! thou'rt lame  
And tortoise-paced to my fleet desires!  
I scent a shorter path to fame and riches.  
The Hesperian trees nod their rich clusters at me,  
Tickling my timorous and withdrawing grasp;—  
I would, yet dare not:—that's a coward's reckoning.  
Half of the sin lies in "I would." To-morrow,  
If that it find me poor, will write me fool,  
And myself be a mock unto myself.  
Ay, and the body murder'd in my house!  
Your carrion breeds most strange and loathsome insects—  
Suspicion's of the quickest and the keenest—  
So, neighbour, by your leave, your keys! In sooth,  
Thou hadst no desperate love for holy church;  
Long-knolled bell were no sweet music to thee.  
A "God be with thee" shall be all thy mass;  
Thou never lovedst those dry and droning priests.  
Thou'lt rot most cool and quiet in my garden;  
Your gay and gilded vault would be too costly.

*[Exit with the body of Bartolo.]*

## SCENE II.

*A Street.**Enter FAZIO, with a dark Lantern.*

I, wont to rove like a tame household dog,  
Caress'd by every hand, and fearing none,  
Now prowls e'en like a grey and treasonous wolf.  
'Tis a bad deed to rob, and I'll have none on't:  
'Tis a bad deed to rob—and whom? the dead?  
Ay, of their winding-sheets and coffin nails.  
'Tis but a quit-rent for the land I sold him,  
Almost two yards to house him and his worms:  
Somewhat usurious in the main, but that  
Is honest thrift to your keen usurer.  
Had he a kinsman, nay a friend, 'twere devilish.  
But now whom rob I? why the state—In sooth  
Marvellous little owe I this same state,

That I should be so dainty of its welfare.  
Methinks our Duke hath pomp enough, our Senate  
Sit in their scarlet robes and ermine tippets,  
And live in proud and pillar'd palaces,  
Where their Greek wines flow plentiful—Besides,  
To scatter it abroad amid so many,  
It were to cut the sun out into spangles,  
And mar its brilliance by dispersing it.  
Away! away! his burying is my Rubicon!  
Cæsar or nothing! Now, ye close-lock'd treasures,  
Put on your gaudiest hues, outshine yourselves!,  
With a deliverer's, not a tyrant's hand  
Invade I thus your dull and peaceful slumbers,  
And give ye light and liberty. Ye shall not  
Moulder and rust in pale and pitiful darkness,  
But front the sun with light bright as his own.

## SCENE III.

*The Street near Fazio's Door.*

*Re-enter FAZIO with a sack: he rests it.*

My steps were ever to this door, as though  
They trod on beds of perfume and of down.  
The winged birds were not by half so light,  
When through the lazy twilight air they wheel  
Home to their brooding mates. But now, methinks,  
The heavy earth doth cling around my feet.  
I move as every separate limb were gyved  
With its particular weight of manacle.  
The moonlight that was wont to seem so soft,  
So balmy to the slow respired breath,  
Icily, shiveringly cold falls on me.  
The marble pillars, that soared stately up,  
As though to prop the azure vault of heaven,

Hang o'er me with a dull and dizzy weight.  
The stones whereon I tread do grimly speak,  
Forbidding echoes, ay with human voices.  
Unbodied arms pluck at me as I pass,  
And socketless pale eyes look glaring on me.  
But I have past them: and methinks this weight  
Might strain more sturdy sinews than mine own.  
Howbeit, thank God, 'tis safe! Thank God!—for what?  
That a poor honest man's grown a rich villain.

---

## SCENE IV.

*Fazio's House.**Enter FAZIO with his sack, which he opens and surveys.*

I thank ye, bounteous thieves! most liberal thieves!  
Your daggers are my worship. Have ye leap'd

The broad and sharp-staked trenches of the law,  
Mock'd at the deep damnation that attaints  
The souls of murderers, for my hands unbloodied,  
As delicately, purely white as ever,  
To pluck the golden fruitage? Oh, I thank ye,  
Will chronicle ye, my good friends and true.

*Enter BIANCA. (FAZIO conceals the Treasure.)*

BIANCA.

Nay, Fazio, nay: this is too much: nay, Fazio,  
I'll not be humour'd like a froward child,  
Trick'd into sleep with pretty tuneful tales.

FAZIO.

We feast the Duke to-morrow: shall it be  
In the Adorni or Vitelli palace?  
They're both on sale, and each is fair and lofty.

BIANCA.

Why, Fazio, art thou frantic? Nay, look not

So strangely, so unmeaningly. I had rather  
That thou would'st weep, than look so haggard joyful,

FAZIO.

Ay, and a glorious banquet it shall be :  
Gay servants in as proud caparisons,  
As though they served immortal gods with nectar.  
Ay, ay, Bianca ! there shall be a princess ;  
She shall be lady of the feast, Let's see  
Your gold and crimson for your fair-hair'd beauties :—  
It shall be gold and crimson. Dost thou know  
The princess that I mean ? Dost thou, Bianca ?

BIANCA,

Nay, if thou still wilt flout me, I'll not weep ;  
Thou shalt not have the pitiful bad pleasure  
Of wringing me to misery. I'll be cold  
And patient as a statue of my wrongs. •

FAZIO.

I have just thought, Bianca, these black stills  
An ugly and ill-fitting furniture ;

We'll try an they are brittle. (*Dashes them in pieces.*)

I'll have gilding,

Nothing but gilding, nothing but what looks glittering :

I'm sick of black and dingy darkness. Here, (*Uncovering  
the sack,*)

Look here, Bianca, here's a light! Take care :

Thine eyesight is too weak for such a blaze.

It is not daylight ; nay, it is not morn—

And every one is worth a thousand florins.

Who shall be princess of the feast to-morrow ?

[*She bursts into tears.*]

Within, within, I'll tell thee all within.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT II—SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Palace of Fazio.*

FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO, and a Gentleman.

FALSETTO.

Serve ye Lord Fazio?

GENTLEMAN.

Ay, sir, he honours me

With his commands.

FALSETTO.

'Tis a brave gentleman!

Tell him Signior Falsetto, and Philario,

The most renowned Improvvisatore,

And Signior Dandolo, the court fashionist,  
Present their duty to him.

GENTLEMAN.

Ay, good sirs.

[*Aside*] My master hath a Midas touch ; these fellows  
Will try if he hath ears like that great king. [*Exit.*]

*Enter FAZIO, splendidly dressed.*

FALSETTO.

Most noble lord, most wonderful philosopher !  
We come to thank thee, sir, that thou dost honour  
Our Florence with the sunlight of your fame.  
Thou that hast ravish'd nature of a secret  
That maketh thee her very paragon :  
She can but create gold, and so canst thou :  
But she doth bury it in mire and mirk,  
Within the unsunn'd bowels of the earth :  
But thou dost set it on the face of the world,  
Making it shame its old and sullen darkness.

FAZIO.

Fair sir, this cataract of courtesy  
O'erwhelms my weak and unhabituate ears.  
If I may venture such uncivil ignorance,  
Your quality?

FALSETTO.

I, my good lord, am one  
Have such keen eyesight for my neighbours' virtues,  
And such a doting love for excellence,  
That when I see a wise man, or a noble,  
Or wealthy, as I ever hold it pity  
Man should be blind to his own merits, words  
Slide from my lips; and I do mirror him  
In the clear glass of my poor eloquence.

FAZIO.

In coarse and honest phraseology,  
A flatterer.

FALSETTO.

Flatterer! Nay, the word's grown gross.  
An apt discourser upon things of honour,

Professor of art panegyrical.

'Twere ill were I a hawk to see such bravery,  
And not a thrush to sing of it. Wealth, sir,  
Wealth is the robe and outward garb of man ;  
The setting to the rarer jewelry,  
The soul's unseen and inner qualities.  
And then, my lord, philosophy ! 'tis that,  
The stamp and impress of our divine nature,  
By which we know that we are Gods, and are so.  
But wealth and wisdom in one spacious breast !  
Who would not hymn so rare and rich a wedding ?  
Who would not serve within the gorgeous palace,  
Glorified by such strange and admired inmates ?

FAZIO (*aside*).

Now the poor honest Fazio had disdain'd  
Such scurvy fellowship ; howbeit, Lord Fazio  
Must lacquey his new state with these base jackalls.

(*To him.*)

Fair sir, you'll honour me with your company.

*(To Dandolo.)*

May I make bold, sir, with your state and title ?

DANDOLO.

Oh, my lord, by the falling of your robe,  
Your cloth of gold one whole hair's-breadth too low,  
'Tis manifest you know not Signior Dandolo.

FAZIO.

A pitiable lack of knowledge, sir.

DANDOLO.

My lord, thou hast before thee in thy presence  
The mirror of the court, the very calendar  
That rules the swift revolving round of fashion ;  
Doth tell what hues do suit what height o' the sun ;  
When your spring pinks should banish from the court  
Your sober winter browns ; when July heat  
Doth authorize the gay and flaunting yellows ;—  
The court thermometer, that doth command  
Your three-piled velvet abdicate its state  
For the airy satins. Oh, my lord, you are too late,  
At least three days, with your Venetian tissue.

FAZIO.

I sorrow, sir, to merit your rebuke  
On point so weighty.

DANDOLO.

Ay, signior, I'm paramount  
In all affairs of boot, and spur, and hose ;  
In matters of the robe and cap supreme ;  
In ruff disputes, my lord, there's no appeal  
From my irrefragability.

FAZIO.

Sweet sir,  
I fear me, such despotic rule and sway  
Over the persons of our citizens  
Must be of danger to our state of Florence.

DANDOLÒ.

Good sooth, my lord, I am a very tyrant.  
Why, if a senator should presume to wear  
A cloak of fur in June, I should indict him  
Guilty of leze majesté against my kingship :  
They call me Dandolo, the King of Fashions—

The whole empire of dress is my dominion.  
Why, if our Duke should wear an ill-grain'd colour  
Against my positive enactment, though  
His state might shield him from the palpable shame  
Of a rebuke ; yet, my good lord, opinion,  
Public opinion, would hold Signior Dandolo  
Merciful in his silence.

FAZIO.

A Lycurgus !

DANDOLO.

Good, my lord ! dignity must be upheld  
On the strong pillars of severity.  
Your cap, my lord, a little to the north-east,  
And your sword—thus, my lord—pointed out this way,  
*[Adjusting him.]*

In an equilateral triangle. Nay,  
Nay, on my credit, my good lord, this hose  
Is a fair woof. The ladies, sir, the ladies,  
(For I foresee you'll be a ruling planet,)  
Must not be taught any heretical fancies,

Fantastical infringements of my codes—  
Your lordship must give place to Signior Dandolo  
About their persons.

FAZIO.

Gentle sir, the ladies  
Must be too deeply, irresistibly yours.

DANDOLO.

No, signior, no ; I'm not one of the gallants,  
That pine for a fair lip, or eye, or cheek,  
Or that poetical treasure, a true heart.  
But, my lord, a fair-order'd head-dress makes me  
As love-sick as a dove at mating time :  
A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight :  
Oh, I adore a robe that drops and floats  
As it were lighter than the air around it ;  
I dote upon a stomacher to distraction,  
When the gay jewels, gracefully disposed,  
Make it a zone of stars : and then a fan,  
The elegant motion of a fan, is murder,  
Positive murder to my poor weak senses.

D



FAZIO (*turning to PHILARIO*).

But here's a third: the Improvvisatore,  
Gentle Philario, lurks, methinks, behind.

PHILARIO.

Most noble lord! it were his loftiest boast  
To wed your honours to his harp. To hymn  
The finder of the philosophic stone,  
The sovereign prince of alchymists; 'twould make  
The cold verse-mechanist, the nice balancer  
Of curious words and fair compacted phrases,  
Burst to a liquid and melodious flow,  
Rapturous and ravishing but in praise of thee!  
But I, my lord, that have the fluent vein,  
The rapid rush——

FAZIO.

Fie, sir! O fie! 'tis fulsome.

Sir, there's a soil fit for that rank weed flattery  
To trail its poisonous and obscene clusters:  
A poet's soul should bear a richer fruitage—  
The aconite grew not in Eden. Thou,

That thou, with lips tipt with the fire of heaven,  
Th' excursive eye, that in its earth-wide range  
Drinks in the grandeur and the loveliness,  
That breathes along this high-wrought world of man;  
That hast within thee apprehensions strong  
Of all that's pure and passionless and heavenly—  
That thou, a vapid and a mawkish parasite,  
Should'st pipe to that witch Fortune's favourites!  
'Tis coarse—'tis sickly—'tis as though the eagle  
Should spread his sail-broad wings to flap a dunghill;  
As though a pale and withering pestilence  
Should ride the golden chariot of the sun;  
As one should use the language of the Gods  
To chatter loose and ribald brothelry.

PHILARIO.

My lord, I thank thee for that noble chiding—  
Oh, my lord, 'tis the curse and brand of poesy,  
That it must trim its fetterless free plumes  
To the gross fancies of the humorsome age;  
That it must stoop from its bold heights to court

Liquorish opinion, whose aye wavering breath  
Is to it as the precious air of life.  
Oh, in a capering, chambering, wanton land,  
The lozel's song alone gains audience,  
Fine loving ditties, sweet to sickliness;  
The languishing and luscious touch alone,  
Of all the full harp's ecstasies, can detain  
The palled and pampered ear of Italy.  
But, my lord, we have deeper mysteries  
For the initiate——Hark!—it bursts!—it flows!

*Song by PHILARIO.*

Rich and royal Italy!  
Dominion's lofty bride!  
Earth deem'd no loss of pride  
To be enslaved by thee.  
From broad Euphrates' bank,  
When the sun look'd through the gloom,  
Thy eagle's golden plume  
His orient splendor drank;

And when at eve he set  
Far in the chamber'd west,  
That bird of brilliance yet  
Bathed in his gorgeous rest.

Sad and sunken Italy!  
The plunderer's common prey!  
When saw the eye of day  
So very a slave as thee?  
Long, long a bloody stage  
For petty kinglings tame,  
Their miserable game  
Of puny war to wage.  
Or from the northern star  
Come haughty despots down,  
With iron hand to share  
Thy bruised and broken crown.

Fair and fervid Italy!  
Lady of each gentler art,

Yet could'st thou lead the heart  
In mild captivity.

Warm Raphael's Virgin sprung

To worship and to love,

The enamour'd air above

Rich clouds of music hung.

Thy poets bold and free

Did noble wrong to time,

In their high rhymed majesty

Ravishing thy clime.

Loose and languid Italy !

Where now the magic pow'r

That in thy doleful hour

Made a queen of thee ?

The pencil cold and dead,

Whose lightest touch was life ;

The old immortal strife

Of thy high poets fled.

From her inglorious urn

Will Italy arise?

Will golden days return

'Neath the azure of her skies?

This is done, oh, this is done,

When the broken land is one;

This shall be, oh, this shall be,

When the slavish land is free.

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SCENE II.

*The Public Walks of Florence.*

FAZIO, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO.

FALSETTO.

Yonder, my lord, is the Lady Aldabella,

The star of admiration to all Florence.

DANDOLO.

There, my lord, there is a fair drooping robe—  
Would that I were a breath of wind to float it!

FAZIO.

Gentlemen, by your leave I would salute her :  
Ye'll meet me anon in the Piazza. [*Exeunt all but Fazio.*]  
Now, lofty woman, we are equal now,  
And I will front thee in thy pitch of pride.

*Enter ALDABELLA. She speaks after a salutation on  
each side.*

Oh, thou and I, Sir, when we met of old,  
Were not so distant, nor so chill. My lord—  
I had forgot, my lord. You dawning signiors  
Are jealous of your state : you great philosophers  
Walk not on earth ; and we poor groveling beings,  
If we would win your eminent regards,  
Must meet ye i' the air. Oh, it sits well  
This scorn, it looks so grave and reverend,

FAZIO.

Is scorn in Lady Aldabella's creed  
So monstrous and heretical?

ALDABELLA.

Again,

Treason again, a most irreverent laugh,  
A traitorous jest before so learn'd a sage :—  
But I may joy in thy good fortune, Fazio.

FAZIO.

In sooth, good fortune, if 'tis worth thy joy,  
The haughty Lady Aldabella's joy.

ALDABELLA.

Nay, an thou hadst not dash'd so careless off  
My bounteous offering, I had said—

FAZIO.

What, lady?

ALDABELLA.

Oh nought—mere sound—mere air—Thou'rt married,

Fazio :

And is thy bride a jewel of the first water?



I know thou wilt say, ay ; 'tis an old tale,  
Thy fond lip-revel on a lady's beauties :  
Methinks I've heard thee descant upon loveliness,  
Till the full ears were drunken with sweet sounds.  
But never let me see her, Fazio ; never.

FAZIO.

And why not, lady ? She is exquisite,  
Bashfully, humbly exquisite ; yet Florence  
May be as proud of her, as of the richest,  
That fire her with the lustre of their state.  
And why not, lady ?

ALDABELLA.

Why ! I know not why—  
Oh your philosophy, 'tis ever curious ;  
Poor lady Nature must tell all, and clearly,  
To its inquisitorship.—We'll not think on't :  
It fell from me un'wares ; words will start forth,  
When the mind wanders.—Oh no, not because  
She's merely lovely :—but we'll think no more on't.—  
Didst hear the act ?

FAZIO.

Lady, what act?

ALDABELLA.

The act

Of the great Duke of Florence and his Senate;  
Entitled against turtle doves in poesy.  
Henceforth that useful bird is interdict,  
As the mild emblem of true constancy.  
There's a new word found; 'tis pure Tuscan too:  
Fazio's to fill the blank up, if it chime;  
If not, Heaven help the rhymester.

FAZIO (*apart*).

With what an airy and a sparkling grace  
The language glances from her silken lips!  
Her once loved voice how exquisite it sounds,  
E'en like a gentle music heard in childhood!

ALDABELLA.

Why yes, my lord, in these degenerate days  
Constancy is so rare a virtue, angels  
Come down to gaze on't: it makes the world proud.

Who would be one o' the many? Why, our Florence  
Will blaze with the miracle. 'Tis true, 'tis true,  
The odour of the rose grows faint and sickly,  
And joys are finest by comparison.—  
But what is that to the majestic pride  
Of being the sole true phoenix?

FAZIO.

Gentle lady,  
Thou speak'st as if that smooth word constancy  
Were harsh and brassy sounding in thy ears.

ALDABELLA.

No, no, signior; your good old-fangled virtues  
Have gloss enough for me, had it been my lot  
To be a miser's treasure: if his eyes  
Ne'er open'd but on me, I ne'er had wept  
At such a pleasant faithful avarice.

FAZIO.

Lady, there was a time when I did dream  
Of playing the miser to another treasure,  
One not less precious than thy stately self,

ALDABELLA.

Oh yes, my lord, oh yes; the tale did run  
That thou and I did love: so ran the tale.  
That thou and I should have been wed—the tale  
Ran so, my lord.—Oh memory, memory, memory!  
It is a bitter pleasure, but 'tis pleasure.

FAZIO.

A pleasure, lady!—why then cast me off  
Like an indifferent weed?—with icy scorn  
Why choke the blossom that but woo'd thy sunshine?

ALDABELLA.

Ah, what an easy robe is scorn to wear!  
'Tis but to wrinkle up the level brow,  
To arch the pliant eyelash, and freeze up  
The passionless and placid orb within—  
Castelli! oh Castelli!

FAZIO.

Who was he, lady?

ALDABELLA.

One, my good lord, I loved most fondly, fatally.

FAZIO.

Then thou didst love? love, Aldabella, truly,  
Fervently, fondly?—But what's that to me?

ALDABELLA.

Oh yes, my lord, he was a noble gentleman;  
Thou know'st him by his title, Condé d'Orsoa;  
My nearest kinsman, my good uncle :—I,  
Knowing our passionate and fanciful nature,  
To his sage counsels fetter'd my wild will.  
Proud was he of me, deem'd me a fit mate  
For highest princes; and his honest flatteries  
So pamper'd me, the fatal duteousness  
So grew upon me—Fazio, dost thou think  
My colour wither'd since we parted? Gleam  
Mine eyes as they were wont?—Or doth the outside  
Still wear a lying smooth indifference,  
While the unseen heart is haggard wan with woe?

FAZIO.

Is't possible? And didst thou love me, lady?  
Though it be joy vain and unprofitable

As is the sunshine to a dead man's eyes,  
Pleasureless from his impotence of pleasure;  
Tell me and truly—

ALDABELLA.

My grave sir confessor,  
On with thy hood and cowl.—So thou would'st hear  
Of pining days and discontented nights;  
Ah me's and doleful airs to my sad lute.  
Fazio, they suffer most who utter least.—  
Heaven, what a babbling traitor is the tongue!—  
Would not the air freeze up such sinful sound?—  
Oh no, thou heard'st it not. Ah me! and thou,  
I know, wilt surfeit the coarse common ear  
With the proud Aldabella's fall.—Betray me not;  
Be charier of her shame than Aldabella.

*[Fazio falls on his knees to her.]*

My lord! my lord! 'tis public here—no more—  
I'm staid for at my palace by the Arno.  
Farewell, my lord, farewell!—Betray me not:—  
But never let me see *her*, Fazio, never.

FAZIO (*solus*).

Love me!—to suffering love me!—why her love.  
Might draw a brazen statue from its pedestal,  
And make its yellow veins leap up with life.  
Fair Chastity, thou hast two juggling fiends  
Caballing for thy jewel: one within,  
And that's a mild and melting devil, Love;  
Th' other without, and that's a fair rich gentleman,  
Giraldi Fazio: they're knit in a league.  
And thou, thou snowy and unsociable virtue,  
May'st lose no less a votaress from thy nunnery  
Than the most beautiful proud Aldabella.  
Had I been honest, 'twere indeed to fall;  
But now 'tis but a step down the declivity.  
Bianca! but Bianca!—bear me up,  
Bear me up, in the trammels of thy fondness  
Bind thou my slippery soul. Wrong thee, Bianca?  
Nay, nay, that's deep indeed; fathomless deep  
In the black pit of infamy and sin:  
I am not so weary yet of the upper air.

Wrong thee, Bianca? No, not for the earth;  
Not for earth's brightest, not for Aldabella.

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SCENE III.

*Palace of Fazio.*

FAZIO and BIANCA.

FAZIO.

Dost thou love me, Bianca?

BIANCA.

There's a question  
For a philosopher!—Why, I've answer'd it  
For two long years; and, oh, for many more,  
It will not stick upon my lips to answer thee.

FAZIO.

Thou'rt in the fashion, then. The court, Bianca,



The ladies of the court, find me a fair gentleman ;  
Ay, and a dangerous wit too, that smites smartly.

BIANCA.

And thou believest it all !

FAZIO.

Why, if the gallants,  
The lordly and frank spirits of the time,  
Troop around thee with gay rhymes on thy beauties,  
Tinkling their smooth and amorous flatteries,  
Shalt thou be then a solemn infidel ?

BIANCA.

I shall not heed them ; my poor beauty needs  
Only one flatterer.

FAZIO.

Ay, but they'll press on thee,  
And force their music into thy deaf ears.  
Think ye, ye should be coy, and calm, and cold ?

BIANCA.

Oh, no !—I fear me a discourteous laugh  
Might be their guerdon for their lavish lying.

FAZIO.

But if one trip upon your lip, or wind  
Your fingers in his sportive hand, think ye  
Ye could endure it?

BIANCA.

Fazio, thou wrong'st me  
With such dishonest questionings. My lord,  
There's such an awe in virtue, it can make  
The anger of a sleek smooth brow like mine  
Strike the hot libertine to dust before me.  
He'd dare to dally with a fire in his hand,  
Kiss ragged briars with his unholy lips,  
Ere with his rash assault attain my honour.

FAZIO.

But if ye see me by a noble lady,  
Whispering as though she were my shrine, whereon  
I lay my odorous incense, and her beauty  
Grow riper, richer at my cherishing praise;  
If she lean on me with a fond round arm,  
If her eye drink the light from out mine eyes,

And if her lips drop sounds for my ear only ;  
Thou'lt arch thy moody brow, look at me gravely,  
With a pale anger on thy silent cheek.  
'Tis out of keeping, 'tis not the court fashion—  
We must forego this clinging and the clasping ;  
Be cold, and strange, and courteous to each other ;  
And say, "How doth my lord?" "How slept my lady?"  
As though we dwelt at opposite ends o' the city.

BIANCA.

What hath distemper'd thee?—This is unnatural ;  
Thou could'st not talk thus in thy stedfast senses.  
Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabella!—

FAZIO.

Well,

She is no basilisk—there's no death in her eyes.

BIANCA.

Ay, Fazio, but there is ; and more than death—  
A death beyond the grave—a death of sin—  
A howling, hideous, and eternal death—

Death the flesh shrinks from.—No, thou must not see  
her!

Nay, I'm imperative—thou'rt mine, and shalt not.

FAZIO.

Shalt not!—Dost think me a thick-blooded slave,  
To say "Amen" unto thy positive "shalt not?"  
The hand upon a dial, only to point  
Just as your humorous ladyship choose to shine?

BIANCA.

Fazio, thou settest a fever in my brain;  
My very lips burn, Fazio, at the thought:  
I had rather thou wert in thy winding sheet  
Than that bad woman's arms; I had rather grave-worms  
Were on thy lips than that bad woman's kisses.

FAZIO.

Howbeit, there is no blistering in their taste:  
There is no suffocation in those arms.

BIANCA.

Take heed; we are passionate; our milk of love  
Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.  
The fondest are most phrenetic: where the fire

Burneth intensest, there the inmate pale  
Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.  
If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds  
Will give us their unruly restless nature ;  
We whirl and whirl ; and where we settle, Fazio,  
But he that ruleth the mad winds can know.  
If ye do drive the love out of my soul,  
That is its motion, being, and its life,  
There'll be a conflict strange and horrible,  
Among all fearful and ill-visaged fiends,  
For the blank void ; and their mad revel there  
Will make me—oh, I know not what—hate thee !——  
Oh, no !—I could not hate thee, Fazio :  
Nay, nay, my Fazio, 'tis not come to that ;  
Mine arms, mine arms, shall say the next “ shall not ; ”  
I'll never startle more thy peevish ears,  
But I'll speak to thee with my positive lips.

*[Kissing and clinging to him.]*

FAZIO.

Oh, what a wild and wayward child am I !—  
Like the hungry fool, that in his moody fit

Dash'd from his lips his last delicious morsel.  
I'll see her once, Bianca, and but once ;  
And then a rich and breathing tale I'll tell her  
Of our full happiness. If she be angel,  
'Twill be a gleam of Paradise to her,  
And she'll smile at it one of those soft smiles,  
That makes the air seem sunny, blithe, and balmy.  
If she be devil——Nay, but that's too ugly ;  
The fancy doth rebel at it, and shrink  
As from a serpent in a knot of flowers.  
Devil and Aldabella !—Fie !—They sound  
Like nightingales and screech-owls heard together.  
What ! must I still have tears to kiss away ?—  
I will return—Good night !—It is but once.  
See, thou'st the taste o' my lips now at our parting ;  
And when we meet again, if they be tainted,  
Thou shalt—oh no, thou shalt not, canst not hate me.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV..

*Palace of ALDABELLA.*

ALDABELLA.

My dainty bird doth hover round the lure,  
And I must hood him with a skilful hand :  
Rich and renown'd, he must be in my train,  
Or Florence will turn rebel to my beauty.

*Enter CLARA, FAZIO behind.*

ALDABELLA *goes on.*

Oh, Clara, have ye been to the Ursulines?  
What says my cousin, the kind Lady Abbess?

CLARA.

She says, my lady, that to-morrow noon  
Noviciates are admitted ; but she wonders,

My Lady Abbess wonders, and I too  
Wonder, my lady, what can make ye fancy  
Those damp and dingy cloisters. Oh, my lady!  
They'll make ye cut off all this fine dark hair——  
Why, all the signiors in the court would quarrel,  
And cut each other's throats for a loose hair of it.

ALDABELLA.

Ah me! what heeds it where I linger out  
The remnant of my dark and despised life?——  
Clara, thou weariest me.

CLARA.

Oh, but, my lady,  
I saw their dress: it was so coarse and hard-grain'd,  
I'm sure 'twould fret your ladyship's soft skin  
Like thorns and brambles; and besides, the make on't!—  
A vine-dresser's wife at market looks more dainty.

ALDABELLA.

Then my tears will not stain it. Oh, 'tis rich enough  
For lean and haggard sorrow. (*Appearing to perceive*  
FAZIO, *exit* CLARA.) Oh, my lord!



You're timely come to take a long farewell.  
Our convent gates are rude, and black, and close;  
Our Ursuline veils of such a jealous woof,  
There must be piercing in those curious eyes,  
Would know if the skin beneath be swarth or snowy.

FAZIO.

A convent for the brilliant Aldabella!  
The mirror of all rival lovelinesses,  
The harp to which all gay thoughts lightly dance,  
Mew'd in the drowsy silence of a cloister!

ALDABELLA.

Oh, what regards it, if a blind man lie  
On a green lawn or on a steamy moor!  
What heeds it to the dead and wither'd heart,  
Whose faculty of rapture is grown sere,  
Hath lost distinction between foul and fair,  
Whether it house in gorgeous palaces,  
Or mid wan graves and haggard signs of care!  
Oh, there's a grief, so with the threads of being  
Ravelled and twined, it sickens every sense:

Then is the swinging and monotonous bell  
Musical as the rich harp heard by moonlight ;  
Then are the limbs insensible if they rest  
On the coarse pallet or the pulpy down.

FAZIO.

What mean ye, lady ?—thou bewilder'st me.  
What grief so wanton and luxurious  
Would choose the Lady Aldabella's bosom  
To pillow on ?

ALDABELLA.

Oh, my lord, untold love——  
Nay, Fazio, gaze not on me so ; my tongue  
Can scarcely move for the fire within my cheeks——  
It cankereth, it consumeth, untold love.  
But if it burst its secret prison-house,  
And venture on the broad and public air,  
It leagueth with a busy fiend call'd Shame ;  
And they both dog their game, till misery  
Fastens upon it with a viper's fang,  
And rings its being with its venomous coil.

FAZIO.

Misery and thee!—oh, 'tis unnatural!—  
Oh, yoke thee to that thing of darkness, misery!—  
That Ethiop, that grim Moor!—it were to couple  
The dove and kite within one loving leash.  
It must not be; nay, ye must be divorced.

ALDABELLA.

Ah no, my lord! we are too deeply pledged.  
Dost thou remember our old poet's\* legend  
Over Hell gates—"Hope comes not here?" Where hope  
Comes not, is hell; and what have I to hope?

FAZIO.

What hast to hope?—Thou'rt strangely beautiful——

ALDABELLA.

Would'st thou leave flattery thy last ravishing sound  
Upon mine ears?—'Tis kind, 'tis fatally kind.

FAZIO.

Oh, no! we must not part, we must not part.  
I came to tell thee something: what, I know not.

\* Dante.

I only know one word that should have been ;  
And that——Oh ! if thy skin were seam'd with wrinkles,  
If on thy cheek sate sallow hollowness,  
If thy warm voice spake shrieking, harsh, and shrill ;  
But to that breathing form, those ripe round lips,  
Like a full parted cherry, those dark eyes,  
Rich in such dewy languors——I'll not say it——  
Nay, nay, 'tis on me now !——Poison's at work !  
Now listen to me, lady——We must love.

ALDABELLA.

Love !——Ay, my lord, as far as honesty.

FAZIO.

Honesty !——'Tis a stale and musty phrase ;  
At least at court : and why should we be traitors  
To the strong tyrant Custom ?

ALDABELLA.

My lord Fazio——

Oh, said I *my* lord Fazio ?——thou'lt betray me :  
The bride—the wife—she that I mean——My lord,

I am nor splenetic nor envious ;  
But 'tis a name I dare not trust my lips with.

FAZIO.

Bianca, oh Bianca is her name ;  
The mild Bianca, the soft fond Bianca.  
Oh to that name, e'en in the Church of God,  
I pledged a solemn faith.

ALDABELLA.

Within that Church  
Barren and solitary my sad name  
Shall sound, when the pale nun profess'd doth wed  
That her cold bridegroom Solitude : and yet—  
Her right—ere she had seen you, we had loved.

FAZIO (*frantickly*).

Why should we dash the goblet from our lips,  
Because the dregs may have a smack of bitter ?  
Why should that pale and clinging consequence  
Thrust itself ever 'twixt us and our joys ?

ALDABELLA.

My lord, 'tis well our convent walls are high,

And our gates massy; else ye raging tigers  
Might rush upon us simple maids unveil'd.

FAZIO.

A veil! a veil! why Florence will be dark  
At noonday: or thy beauty will fire up,  
By the contagion of its own bright lustre,  
The dull dead flax to so intense a brilliance,  
'Twill look like one of those rich purple clouds  
On the pavilion of the setting sun.

ALDABELLA.

My lord, I've a poor banquet here within;  
Will't please ye taste it?

FAZIO.

Ay, wine, wine! ay, wine!

I'll drown thee, thou officious preacher, here! (*Clasping  
his forehead.*)

Wine, wine!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Palace of Fazio.*

BIANCA.

Not all the night, not all the long, long night,  
Not come to me ! not send to me ! not think on me !  
Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost,  
I wander up and down these long arcades.  
Oh, in our old poor narrow home, if haply  
He linger'd late abroad, domestic things  
Close and familiar crowded all around me ;  
The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion  
Of the green lattice, the grey curtains' folds,  
The hangings of the bed myself had wrought,

Yea e'en his black and iron crucibles,  
Were to me as my friends. But here, oh here,  
Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,  
All strange, all new in uncouth gorgeousness,  
Lofty and long, a wider space for misery—  
E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors  
Are unaccustom'd, unfamiliar sounds.—  
Oh, I am here so wearily miserable,  
That I should welcome my apostate Fazio,  
Though he were fresh from Aldabella's arms.  
Her arms!—her viper coil!—I had forsworn  
That thought; lest he should come, and find me mad,  
And so go back again, and I not know it.  
Oh that I were a child to play with toys,  
Fix my whole soul upon a cup and ball—  
Oh any pitiful poor subterfuge,  
A moment to distract my busy spirit  
From its dark dalliance with that cursed image!  
I have tried all: all vainly—Now, but now  
I went in to my children. The first sounds



They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep  
Was a faint mimicry of the name of father.  
I could not kiss them, my lips were so hot.  
The very household slaves are leagued against me,  
And do beset me with their wicked floutings,  
“ Comes my lord home to-night ? ”—and when I say,  
“ I know not,” their coarse pity makes my heartstrings  
Throb with the agony.—(*Enter PIERO.*)—Well, what of  
my lord ?

Nay, tell it with thy lips, not with thy visage.  
’Thou raven, croak it out if it be evil :  
If it be good, I’ll fall and worship thee ;  
’Tis the office and the ministry of gods  
To speak good tidings to distracted spirits.

PIERO.

Last night my lord did feast—

BIANCA,

Speak it at once—

Where ? where ?—I’ll wring it from thy lips.—Where ?  
where ?

PIERO.

Lady, at the Marchesa Aldabella's.

BIANCA.

Thou liest, false slave : 'twas at the Ducal Palace,  
'Twas at the arsenal with the officers,  
'Twas with the old rich senator—him—him—him—  
The man with a brief name ; 'twas gaming, dicing,  
Riotously drinking.—Oh it was not there ;  
'Twas any where but there—or if it was,  
Why like a sly and creeping adder sting me  
With thy black tidings?—Nay, nay : good my friend ;  
Here's money for those harsh intemperate words.—  
But he's not there : 'twas some one of the gallants,  
With dress and stature like my Fazio.  
Thou wert mistaken :—no, no ; 'twas not Fazio.

PIERO.

It grieves me much ; but, lady, 'tis my fear  
Thou'lt find it but too true.

BIANCA.

Hence ! hence ! Avaunt,

With thy cold courteous face! Thou seest I'm wretched:  
Doth it content thee? Gaze—gaze—gaze!—perchance  
Ye would behold the bare and bleeding heart,  
With all its throbs, its agonies.—Oh Fazio!  
Oh Fazio! Is her smile more sweet than mine?  
Or her soul fonder?—Fazio, my lord Fazio!  
Before the face of man mine own, mine only;  
Before the face of Heaven Bianca's Fazio,  
Not Aldabella's.—Ah, that I should live  
To question it!—Now henceforth all our joys,  
Our delicate endearments, all are poison'd.  
Ay! if he speak my name with his fond voice,  
It will be with the same tone that to her  
He murmur'd hers:—it will be, or 'twill seem so.  
If he embrace me, 'twill be with those arms  
In which he folded her: and if he kiss me,  
He'll pause, and think which of the two is sweeter.

PIERO.

Nay, good my lady, give not entertainment  
To such sick fancies: think on lighter matters.

I heard strange news abroad : the Duke's in council,  
Debating on the death of old Bartolo,  
The grey lean usurer. He's been long abroad,  
And died, they think.

BIANCA.

Well, sir, and what of that ?

And have I not the privilege of sorrow,  
Without a menial's staring eye upon me ?  
Who sent thee thus to charter my free thoughts,  
And tell them where to shrink, and where to pause ?  
Officious slave, away!—(*Exit.*)—Ha ! what saidst thou ?  
Bartolo's death ! and the Duke in his council !—  
I'll rend him from her, though she wind around him,  
Like the vine round the elm. I'll pluck him off,  
Though the life crack at parting.—No, no pause ;  
For if there is, I shall be tame and timorous :  
That milk-faced mercy will come whimpering to me,  
And I shall sit and meekly, miserably  
Weep o'er my wrongs.—Ha ! that her soul were fond  
And fervent as mine own ! I would give worlds

To see her as he's rent and rack'd from her.  
Oh, but she's cold; she cannot, will not feel.  
It is but half revenge: her whole of sorrow  
Will be a drop to my consummate agony.—  
Away, away: oh had I wings to waft me!

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## SCENE II.

*Duke and his Council.*

DUKE.

'Tis passing strange, a man of such lean habits,  
Wealth flowing to him in a steady current,  
Winds wafting it unto him from all quarters,  
Through all his seventy toilsome years of life,  
And yet his treasury so spare and meagre;  
Signior Gonsalvo, were the voice that told us

Less tried and trusty than thine own, our faith  
Would be a rebel to such marvellous fact.

GONSALVO.

Well may your Highness misdoubt me, myself  
Almost misdoubting mine own positive senses.  
No sign was there of outward violence,  
All in a state of orderly misery,  
No trace of secret inroad ; yet, my liege,  
The mountains of his wealth were puny molehills,  
A few stray ducats ; piles indeed of parchments,  
Mortgages, deeds, and lawsuits heaped to the roof,  
Enough to serve the armies of all Tuscany  
At least for half a century with new drumheads.

AURIO.

Haply, my liege, he may have gone abroad,  
And borne his riches with him.

DUKE.

Signior Aurio,  
That surmise flavours not of your known wisdom.  
His argosies encumber all our ports,

His unsold bales rot in the crowded wharfs;  
The interest of a hundred usuries  
Lieth unclaim'd.—Besides, he hath not left  
Our city for this twenty years:—a flight  
So unprepared and wanton suits not well  
Your slow and heavy laden usurer.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

My liege, a lady in the antechamber  
Boasts knowledge that concerns your this day's council.

DUKE.

Admit her.—(*Enter* BIANCA.)—How! what know'st thou  
of the death  
Of old Bartolo?—be he dead in sooth?  
Or of his riches?

BIANCA.

The east side o' the fountain,  
In the small garden of a lowly house,  
By the Franciscan convent, the green herbs

Grow boon and freely, the manure is rich  
Around their roots : dig there, and you'll be wiser.

DUKE.

Who tenanted this house ?

BIANCA.

Giraldi Fazio.

DUKE.

What of his wealth ?

BIANCA.

There's one in Florence knows  
More secrets than beseems an honest man,

DUKE.

And who is he ?

BIANCA.

Giraldi Fazio.

GONSALVO.

My liege, I know him : 'tis the new sprung signior,  
This great philosopher. I ever doubted  
His vaunted manufactory of gold,  
Work'd by some strange machinery.



DUKE.

Theodore,

Search thou the garden that this woman speaks of.  
Captain Antonio, be't thy charge to attach  
With speed the person of this Fazio.

BIANCA (*rushing forward to ANTONIO*).

You'll find him at the Marchesa Aldabella's:  
Bring him away—no mercy—no delay—  
Nay, not an instant—not time for a kiss,  
A parting kiss. (*Aside.*) Now have I widow'd her,  
As she has widow'd me! Now come what will,  
Their curst entwining arms are riven asunder.

DUKE.

And thou, thou peremptory summoner!  
Most thirsty after justice! speak——Thy name?

BIANCA.

Bianca.

DUKE.

Thy estate wedded or single?

BIANCA.

My lord——

DUKE.

Give instant answer to the court.

BIANCA.

Oh, wedded, but most miserably single.

DUKE.

Woman, thou palterest with our dignity.

Thy husband's name and quality?—Why shakest thou,

And draw'st the veil along thy moody brow,

As thou too wert a murderess?—Speak, and quickly.

BIANCA (*faltering*).

Giraldi Fazio.

DUKE.

'Tis thy husband then—

Woman, take heed, if, petulant and rash,

Thou would'st abuse the righteous sword of law,

That brightest in the armoury of man,

To a peevish instrument of thy light passions,

Or furtherance of some close and secret guilt:

Take heed, 'tis in the heaven stamp'd roll of sins,  
To bear false witness——Oh, but 'gainst thy husband,  
Thy bosom's lord, flesh of thy flesh!—To set  
The bloodhounds of the law upon his track!  
If thou speak'st true, stern justice will but blush  
To be so cheer'd upon her guilty prey.  
If it be false, thou givest to flagrant sin  
A heinous immortality. This deed  
Will chronicle thee, woman, to all ages,  
In human guilt a portent and an era:  
'Tis of those crimes, whose eminent fame Hell joys at;  
And the celestial angels, that look on it,  
Wish their keen airy vision dim and narrow.

*Enter* THEODORE.

My liege, e'en where she said, an unstripp'd corpse  
Lay carelessly inearth'd, old weeds hung on it,  
Like those that old Bartolo wont to wear;

And under the left rib a small stiletto,  
Rusted within the pale and creeping flesh.

*Enter ANTONIO with FAZIO.*

My liege, the prisoner.

DUKE.

Thou'rt Giraldi Fazio.

Giraldi Fazio, thou stand'st here arraign'd,  
That, with presumption impious and accurst,  
Thou hast usurp'd God's high prerogative,  
Making thy fellow mortal's life and death  
Wait on thy moody and diseased passions ;  
That with a violent and untimely steel  
Hast set abroach the blood, that should have ebb'd  
In calm and natural current : to sum all  
In one wild name—a name the pale air freezes at,  
And every cheek of man sinks in with horror—  
Thou art a cold and midnight murderer.

FAZIO.

My liege, I do beseech thee, argue not,  
From the thick clogging of my clammy breath,  
Ought but a natural and instinctive dread  
Of such a bloody and ill-sounding title.  
My liege, I do beseech thee, whate'er reptile  
Hath cast this filthy slime of slander on me,  
Set him before me face to face: the fire  
Of my just anger shall burn up his heart,  
Make his lip drop, and powerless shuddering  
Creep o'er his noisome and corrupted limbs,  
Till the coarse lie choke in his wretched throat.

DUKE.

Thou'rt bold.—But know ye ought of old Bartolo?  
Methinks, for innocence, thou'rt pale and tremulous—  
That name is to thee as a thunderclap;  
But thou shalt have thy wish.—Woman, stand forth!  
Nay, cast away thy veil.—Look on her, Fazio.

FAZIO.

Bianca!—No, it is a horrid vision!

And, if I struggle, I shall wake, and find it

A miscreated mockery of the brain.

If thou'rt a fiend, what hellish right hast thou

To shroud thy leprous and fire-seamed visage

In lovely lineaments, like my Bianca's?

If thou'rt indeed Bianca, thou wilt wear

A ring I gave thee at our wedding time.

In God's name do I bid thee hold it up;

And, if thou dost, I'll be a murderer,

A slaughterer of whole hecatombs of men;

So ye will rid me of the hideous sight.

DUKE.

Giraldi Fazio, hear the court's award:

First, on thy evil-gotten wealth the State

Setteth her solemn seal of confiscation;

And for thyself——

BIANCA (*rushing forward*).

Oh, we'll be poor again!

Oh, I forgive thee!—We'll be poor and happy!

So happy, the dull day shall be too short for us.

She loved thee, that proud woman, for thy riches ;  
But thou canst tell why I love Fazio.

DUKE.

And for thyself—"Tis in the code of Heaven,  
Blood will have blood—the slayer for the slain.  
Death is thy doom—the public, daylight death.  
Thy body do we give unto the wheel :  
The Lord have mercy on thy sinful soul !

BIANCA.

Death !—Death !—I meant not that !——Ye mean not  
that !

What's all this waste and idle talk of murder ?  
He slay a man—with tender hands like his ?—  
With delicate mild soul ?——Why, his own blood  
Had startled him ! I've seen him pale and shuddering  
At the sad writhings of a trampled worm :  
I've seen him brush off with a dainty hand  
A bee that stung him. Oh, why wear ye thus  
The garb and outward sanctity of law ?  
What means that snow upon your reverend brows,

If that ye have no subtler apprehension  
Of some inherent harmony in the nature  
Of bloody criminal and bloody crime?  
'Twere wise t' arraign the soft and silly lamb  
Of slaughtering his butcher: ye might make it  
As proper a murderer as my Fazio.

DUKE.

Woman, th' irrevocable breath of justice  
Wavers not: he must die.

BIANCA.

Die! Fazio die!—

Ye grey and solemn murderers by charter!  
'Ye ermined manslayers! when the tale is rife  
With blood and guilt, and deep and damning, oh,  
Ye suck it in with cold insatiate thirst:  
But to the plea of mercy ye are stones,  
As deaf and hollow as the unbowell'd winds.  
Oh, ye smooth Christians in your tones and looks,  
But in your hearts as savage as the tawny



And misbelieving African! ye profane,  
Who say, "God bless him! God deliver him!"  
While ye are beckoning for the bloody axe,  
To smite the unoffending head!—his head!—  
My Fazio's head!—the head this bosom cherish'd  
With its first virgin fondness.

DUKE.

Fazio, hear.

To-morrow's morning sun shall dawn upon thee:  
But when he setteth in his western couch,  
He finds thy place in this world void and vacant.

BIANCA.

To-morrow morning!—Not to-morrow morning!  
The damning devils give a forced faint pause,  
If the bad soul but feebly catch at heaven.  
But ye, but ye, unshriven, unreconciled,  
With all its ponderous mass of sins, hurl down  
The bare and shivering spirit.—Oh, not to-morrow!

DUKE.

Woman, thou dost outstep all modesty:

But for strong circumstance, that leagues with thee,  
We should condemn thee for a wild mad woman,  
Raving her wayward and unsettled fancies.

BIANCA.

Mad! mad!—ay, that it is!—ay, that it is!  
Is't to be mad to speak, to move, to gaze,  
But not know how, or why, or whence, or where?  
To see that there are faces all around me,  
Floating within a dim discolour'd haze,  
Yet have distinction, vision, but for one?  
To speak with rapid and continuous flow,  
Yet know not how the unthought words start from me?—  
Oh, I am mad, wildly, intensely mad.  
'Twas but last night the moon was at the full;  
And ye, and ye, the sovereign and the sage,  
The wisdom and the reverence of all Florence,  
E'en from a maniac's dim disjointed tale,  
Do calmly judge away the innocent life,  
The holy human life, the life God gave him.

DUKE.

Giraldi Fazio, hast thou ought to plead  
Against the law, that with imperious hand  
Grasps at thy forfeit life?

FAZIO.

My liege, this soul  
Rebels not, nay, repines not at thy sentence :  
Yet, oh ! by all on earth, by all hereafter,  
All that hath cognizance o'er unseen deeds,  
Blood is a colour stranger to these hands.  
But there are crimes within me, deep and black,  
That with their clamorous and tumultuous voices  
Shout at me, "Thou should'st die, thy sins are deadly :"  
Nor dare my oppressed heart return, " 'Tis false."

BIANCA.

But I, I say, 'tis false : he is not guilty :  
Not guilty unto death : I say he is not.  
God gave ye hearing, but ye will not hear ;  
God gave ye feeling, but ye will not feel ;  
God gave ye judgment, but ye falsely judge.

DUKE.

Captain Antonio, guard thy prisoner.

If it be true, blood is not on thy soul,

Yet thou object'st not to the charge of robbery?

*[Fazio bows.]*

Thou dost not. Robbery, by the laws of Florence,

Is sternly coded as a deadly crime :

Therefore, I say again, Giraldi Fazio,

The Lord have mercy on thy sinful soul!

*[They follow the Duke.]*

BIANCA (*seizing and detaining* AURIO).

My lord! my lord! we have two babes at home—

They cannot speak yet; but, your name, my lord,

And they shall lisp it, ere they lisp mine own—

Ere that poor culprit's yonder, their own father's.

Befriend us, oh, befriend us! 'Tis a title

Heaven joys at, and the hard and savage earth

Doth break its sullen nature to delight in—

The destitute's sole friend——And thou pass too!

Why, what a common liar was thy face,

That said the milk of mercy flow'd within thee!——

Ye're all alike.—Off! off!—Ye're all alike.

*[Exeunt all but FAZIO, the Officer, and BIANCA.]*

BIANCA (*creeping to FAZIO*).

Thou wilt not spurn me, wilt not trample on me,

Wilt let me touch thee—I, whose lips have slain thee.

Oh, look not on me thus with that fond look—

Pamper me not, for long and living grief

To prey upon—Oh, curse me, Fazio—

Kill me with cursing: I am thin and feeble—

A word will crush me—any thing but kindness.

FAZIO.

Mine own Bianca! I shall need too much mercy

Or ere to-morrow, to be merciless.

It was not well, Bianca, in my guilt

To cut me off—thus early—thus unripe:

It will be bitter, when the axe falls on me,

To think whose voice did summon it to its office.—

No more—no more of that: we all must die.

Bianca, thou wilt love me when I'm dead :  
I wrong'd thee, but thou'lt love me when I'm dead.

BIANCA.

What, kiss me, kiss me, Fazio!—'tis too much :  
And these warm lips must be cold clay to-morrow.

ANTONIO.

Signior, we must part hence.

BIANCA.

What! tear me from him,  
When he has but a few short hours to give me!  
Rob me of them!—He hath lain delicately :  
Thou wilt not envy me the wretched office  
Of strewing the last pillow he shall lie on—  
Thou wilt not—nay, there's moisture in thine eye—  
Thou wilt not.

ANTONIO.

Lady, far as is the warrant  
Of my stern orders—

BIANCA.

Excellent youth! Heaven thank thee!

There's not another heart like thine in Florence.

We shall not part, we shall not part, my Fazio!

Oh, never, never, never—till *to-morrow*.

FAZIO (*as he leads her out*).

It was not with this cold and shaking hand

I led thee virgin to the bridal altar.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

*A Prison.*FAZIO *and* BIANCA.

FAZIO.

Let's talk of joy, Bianca : we'll deceive  
This present and this future, whose grim faces  
Stare at us with such deep and hideous blackness :  
We'll fly to the past. Dost thou remember, love,  
Those gentle moonlights, when my fond guitar  
Was regular, as convent vesper hymn,  
Beneath thy lattice, sometimes the light dawn  
Came stealing on our voiceless intercourse,  
Soft in its grey and filmy atmosphere ?



BIANCA.

Oh yes, oh yes!—There'll be a dawn *to-morrow*  
Will steal upon us.—Then, oh then——

FAZIO.

Oh, think not on't!—

And thou remember'st too that beauteous evening  
Upon the Arno; how we sail'd along,  
And laugh'd to see the stately towers of Florence  
Waver and dance in the blue depth beneath us.  
How carelessly thy unretiring hand  
Abandon'd its soft whiteness to my pressure?

BIANCA.

Oh yes!——*To-morrow* evening, if thou close  
Thy clasping hand, mine will not meet it then—  
Thou'lt only grasp the chill and senseless earth.

FAZIO.

Thou busy, sad remembrancer of evil!——  
How exquisitely happy have we two  
Sate in the dusky and discolour'd light,  
That flicker'd through our shaking lattice bars!

Our children at our feet, or on our laps,  
Warm in their breathing slumbers, or at play  
With rosy laughter on their cheeks!—Oh God!——  
Bianca, such a flash of thought crost o'er me,  
I dare not speak it.

BIANCA.

Quick, my Fazio!

Quick, let me hav't!—*to-morrow* thou 'lt not speak it.

FAZIO.

Oh, what a life must theirs be, those poor innocents!  
When they have grown up to a sense of sorrow—  
Oh, what a feast will they be for rude misery!  
Honest men's boys and girls, whene'er they mingle,  
Will spurn them with the black and branded title,  
“The murderer's children.” Infamy will pin  
That pestilent label on their backs; the plague spot  
Will bloat and blister on them till their death-beds;  
And if they beg—for beggars they must be—  
They'll drive them from their doors with cruel jeers  
Upon my riches, villanously style them  
“The children of Lord Fazio, the philosopher.”

BIANCA.

*To-morrow* will the cry begin, *to-morrow*.——

It must not be, and I sit idle here.

Fazio, there must be in this wide, wide city

Piercing and penetrating eyes for truth,

Souls not too proud, too cold, too stern for mercy.

I'll hunt them out, and swear them to our service.

I'll raise up something—oh, I know not what—

Shall boldly startle the rank air of Florence

With proclamation of thy innocence.

I'll raise the dead! I'll conjure up the ghost

Of that old rotten thing, Bartolo; make it

Cry out i' the market place, "Thou didst not slay him!"

Farewell, farewell! If in the walls of Florence

Be any thing like hope or comfort, Fazio,

I'll clasp it with such strong and stedfast arms,

I'll drag it to thy dungeon, and make laugh

This silence with strange uncouth sounds of joy.

SCENE II.

*A Street.*

FALSETTO, DANDOLO, PHILARIO.

FALSETTO.

Good Signior Dandolo, here's a prodigal waste  
Of my fair speeches to the sage philosopher.  
I counted on at least a two months' diet,  
Besides stray boons of horses, rings, and jewels.

DANDOLO.

Oh my Falsetto, a coat of my fashion  
Come to the wheel!—it wrings my very heart,  
To fancy how the seams will crack, or haply  
The hangman will be seen in 't!—That I should live  
To be purveyor of the modes to a hangman!

*Enter BIANCA.*

They pass me by on the other side of the street ;  
They spurn me from their doors ; they load the air  
With curses that are flung on me : the Palace,  
The Ducal Palace, that should aye be open  
To voice of the distress'd, as is God's heaven,  
Is ring'd around with grim and armed savages,  
That with their angry weapons smite me back,  
As though I came with fire in my hand, to burn  
The royal walls : the children in the streets  
Break off their noisy games to hoot at me ;  
And the dogs from the porches howl me on.  
But here's a succour.—(*To Falsetto.*) Oh, good sir, thy  
friend,

The man thou feastedst with but yesterday,  
He to whose motion thou wast a true shadow,  
Whose hand rain'd gifts upon thee—he I mean,  
Fazio, the bounteous, free, and liberal Fazio—  
He's wrongfully accused, wrongfully doom'd :

I swear to thee 'tis wrongfully.—Oh, sir,  
An eloquent honey-dropping tongue like thine,  
How would it garnish up his innocence,  
Till Justice would grow amorous, and embrace it!

FALSETTO.

Sweet lady, thou o'ervaluest my poor powers :—  
Any thing in reason to win so much loveliness  
To smile on me.—But this were wild and futile.

BIANCA.

In reason?—"Tis to save a human life—  
Is not that in the spacious realm of reason?—  
Kind sir, there's not a prayer will mount hereafter  
Heavenward from us or our poor children's lips,  
But in it thy dear name will rise embalm'd :  
And prayers have power to cancel many a sin,  
That clogs and flaws our coarse and corrupt nature.

FALSETTO.

Methinks, good Dandolo, 'tis the hour we owe  
Attendance at the Lady Portia's toilette.—  
Any commission in our way, fair lady?

DANDOLO.

Oh yes! I'm ever indispensable there

As is her looking glass.—

BIANCA.

Riotous madness!

To waste a breath (*Detaining them*) upon such thin-  
blown bubbles!

Why thou didst cling to him but yesterday,

As 'twere a danger of thy life to part from him;

Didst swear it was a sin in Providence

He was not born a prince. (*To Dandolo.*) And thou,  
sir, thou—

Chains, sir, in May—it is a heavy wear;

Hard and unseemly, a rude weight of iron.—

Faugh! cast ye off this shape and skin of men;

Ye stain it, ye pollute it: be the reptiles

Ye are. (*To Philario.*) And thou, sir—I know in whose  
porch

He hired thee to troll out thy fulsome ditties:

I know whose dainty ears were last night banqueted  
With the false harlotry of thy rich airs.

PHILARIO.

I do beseech thee, lady, judge me not  
So harshly. In the state, Heaven knows, I'm powerless:  
I could remove yon palace walls, as soon  
As alter his sad doom. But if to visit him,  
To tend him with a soft officious zeal,  
Waft the mild magic of mine art around him,  
Making the chill and lazy dungeon air  
More smooth, more gentle to the trammell'd breathing:—  
All that I can I will, to make his misery  
Slide from him light and airily.

BIANCA.

Wilt thou?

Why then there's hope the Devil hath not all Florence.  
Go—go!—I cannot point thee out the way:  
Mine eyes are cloudy; it is the first rain  
Hath dewed them, since—since when I cannot tell thee.—  
Go—go!—(*Exit.*)—One effort more; and if I fail—

H



But by the inbred and instinctive tenderness  
That mingles with the life of womanhood,  
I cannot fail: and then, thou grim to-morrow,  
I'll meet thee with a bold and unblench'd front.

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### SCENE III.

*Palace of Aldabella.*

ALDABELLA.

Fazio in prison! Fazio doom'd to die!—  
I was too hasty; should have fled, and bashfully  
Beckon'd him after; lured him, not seized on him.  
Proud Aldabella a poor robber's paramour!  
Oh it sounds dismal! Florence must not hear it:—  
And sooth his time is brief to descant on it.—

(*To BIANCA, who enters.*)

And who art thou thus usherless and unbidden  
Scarest my privacy ?

BIANCA (*aside*).

I must not speak yet ;  
For if I do, a curse will clog my utterance.

ALDABELLA.

Nay, stand not with thy pale lips quivering nothings—  
Speak out, and freely.

BIANCA.

Lady, there is one—  
Fie, fie upon this choking in my throat—  
One thou didst love, Giraldi Fazio ;  
One who loved thee, Giraldi Fazio.—  
He's doom'd to die, to die to-morrow morning ;  
And lo 'tis eve already !—

ALDABELLA.

He is doom'd ?—  
Why then the man must die.—

BIANCA.

Nay, gentle lady,  
Thou'rt high-born, rich, and beautiful: the princes,  
The prime of Florence wait upon thy smiles,  
Like sunflowers on the golden light they love.  
Thy lips have such sweet melody, 'tis hung upon  
Till silence is an agony. Did it plead  
For one condemn'd, but oh most innocent,  
'Twould be a music th' air would fall in love with,  
And never let it die, till it had won  
Its honest purpose.

ALDABELLA.

What a wanton waste  
Of idle praise is here!

BIANCA.

Nay think, oh think,  
What 'tis to give again a forfeit life:  
Ay, such a life as Fazio's!—Frown not on me:  
Thou think'st that he's a murderer—'tis all false;

A trick of Fortune, fancifully cruel,  
To cheat the world of such a life as Fazio's.

ALDABELLA.

Frivolous and weak : I could not if I would.

BIANCA.

Nay, but I'll lure thee with so rich a boon—  
Hear—hear, and thou art won. If thou dost save him,  
It is but just he should be saved for thee.  
I give him thee—Bianca—I his wife :—  
I pardon all that has been, all that may be—  
Oh I will be thy handmaid ; be so patient—  
Calmly, contentedly, and sadly patient—  
And if ye see a pale or envious motion  
Upon my cheek, a quivering on my lips,  
Like to complaint—then strike him dead before me.  
Thou shalt enjoy all—all that I enjoy'd :—  
His love, his life, his sense, his soul be thine ;  
And I will bless thee, in my misery bless thee.

ALDABELLA.

What mist is on thy wild and wandering eyes ?

Know'st thou to whom and where thou play'st the raver?

I, Aldabella, whom the amorous homage

Of rival lords and princes stirs no more,

Than the light passing of the common air—

I, Aldabella, when my voice might make

Thrones render up their stateliest to my service—

Stoop to the sordid sweepings of a prison?

I—

BIANCA.

Proud-lipp'd woman, earth's most gorgeous sove-  
reigns

Were worthless of my Fazio! Foolish woman,

Thou cast'st a jewel off! The proudest lord

That ever revell'd in thy unchaste arms,

Was a swarth galley-slave to Fazio.

Ah me! me! me! e'en I his lawful wife

Know't not more truly, certainly than thou.—

Hadst thou loved him, I had pardon'd, pitied thee:

We two had sate, all coldly, palely sad;

Dropping, like statues on a fountain side,

A pure, a silent, and eternal dew.

Hadst thou outwept me, I had loved thee for't—

And that were easy, for I'm stony here. (*Putting her  
hand to her eyes.*)

ALDABELLA.

Ho there! to th' hospital for the lunatics

Fetch succour for this poor distrest—

BIANCA.

What said I?

Oh pardon me, I came not to upbraid thee.—

Think, think—I'll whisper it, I'll not betray thee;

The air's a tell-tale, and the walls are listeners:—

Think what a change! Last night within thy chamber;

(I'll not say in thy arms; for that displeases thee,

And sickens me to utter,) and to-night

Upon a prison pallet, straw, hard straw;

For eastern perfumes, the rank noisome air;

For gentle harpings, shrilly clanking chains:—

Nay, turn not off: the worst is yet to come.

To-morrow at his waking, for thy face

Languidly, lovingly down drooping o'er him,  
The scarr'd and haggard executioner.

ALDABELLA (*turning away*).

There is a dizzy trembling in mine eye ;  
But I must dry the foolish dew for shame.  
Well, what is it to me ? I slew him not ;  
Nay, nor denounced him to the judgment seat.  
I but debase myself to lend free hearing  
To such coarse fancies.—I must hence : to-night  
I feast the lords of Florence. [*Exit.*

BIANCA.

They're all lies :

Things done within some far and distant planet,  
Or offscum of some dreamy poet's brain,  
All tales of human goodness. Or they're legends  
Left us of some good old forgotten time,  
Ere harlotry became a queenly sin,  
And housed in palaces. Oh, earth's so crowded  
With Vice, that if strange Virtue stray abroad,  
They hoot it from them like a thing accurst.

Fazio, my Fazio!—but we'll laugh at them :  
We will not stay upon their wicked soil,  
E'en though they sue us, not to die and leave them.

---

## SCENE IV.

*Fazio's House.*

BIANCA.

Ah, what a fierce and frantic coil is here,  
Because the sun must shine on one man less !  
I'm sick and weary—my feet drag along.  
Why must I trail, like a scotch'd serpent, hither ?  
Here, to this house, where all things breathe of Fazio ?  
The air tastes of him—the walls whisper of him.—  
Oh, I'll to bed ! to bed !——What find I there ?  
Fazio, my fond, my gentle, fervent Fazio ?—



No!—Cold stones are his couch, harsh iron bars  
Curtain his slumbers.—Oh, no, no—I have it—  
He is in Aldabella's arms.—Out on't!  
Fie, fie!—that's rank, that's noisome!—I remember—  
Our children—ay, my children—Fazio's children.  
'Twas my thoughts' burthen as I came along,  
Were it not wise to bear them off with us  
Away from this cold world?—Why should we breed up  
More sinners for the Devil to prey upon?  
There's one a boy—some strumpet will enlace him,  
And make him wear her loathsome livery.  
The other a girl: if she be ill, she'll sink  
Spotted to death—she'll be an Aldabella:  
If she be chaste, she'll be a wretch like me,  
A jealous wretch, a frantic guilty wretch.—  
No, no: they must not live, they must not live!

*[Exit into a chamber.]*

*After a pause she returns.*

It will not be, it will not be—they woke  
As though e'en in their sleep they felt my presence;

And then they smiled upon me fondly, playfully,  
And stretch'd their rosy fingers to sport with me;  
The boy did arch his eyebrows so like Fazio,  
Though my soul wish'd that God would take them to him,  
That they were scaped this miserable world,  
I could but kiss them; and, when I had kiss'd them,  
I could as soon have leap'd up to the moon  
As speck'd or soil'd their alabaster skins.——  
Wild that I am!—Take them t' another world!——  
As though I, I my husband's murderess,  
In the dread separation of the dead,  
Should meet again those spotless innocents!——  
Oh, happy they!—they will but know to-morrow  
By the renewal of the soft warm daylight.

[*Exit.*

## ACT V.—SCENE I.

*A Street—Morning Twilight.*

BIANCA.

Where have I been?—I have not been at rest—  
There's yet the stir of motion in my limbs.  
Oh, I remember—'twas a hideous strife  
Within my brain: I felt that all was hopeless,  
Yet would not credit it; and I set forth  
To tell my Fazio so, and dared not front him  
With such cold comfort. Then a mist came o'er me,  
And something drove me on, and on, and on,  
Street after street, each blacker than the other,  
And a blue axe did shimmer through the gloom—  
Its fiery edge did waver to and fro—

And there were infants' voices, faint and failing,  
That panted after me. I knew I fled them;  
Yet could not choose but fly. And then, oh then,  
I gazed and gazed upon the starless darkness,  
And blest it in my soul, for it was deeply  
And beautifully black—no speck of light;  
And I had feverish and fantastic hopes,  
That it would last for ever, nor give place  
To th' horrible to-morrow.—Ha, 'tis there!—  
'Tis the grey morning light aches in mine eyes—  
It is that morrow!—Ho!—Look out, look out!  
With what a hateful and unwonted swiftness  
It scares my comfortable darkness from me!—  
Fool that I am!—I've lost the few brief hours  
Yet left me of my Fazio!—Oh, away,  
Away to him!—away!

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The Prison—totally dark, except a lamp.*

FAZIO and PHILARIO.

FAZIO.

I thank thee: 'twas a melancholy hymn ;  
But soft and soothing as the gale of eve,  
The gale, whose flower-sweet breath no more shall pass  
o'er me.

Oh, what a gentle ministrant is music  
To piety—to mild, to penitent piety !  
Oh, it gives plumage to the tardy prayer,  
That lingers in our lazy earthly air,  
And melts with it to heaven——To die, 'tis dreary ;  
To die a villain's death, that's yet a pang.

But it must down : I have so steep'd my soul  
In the bitter ashes of true penitence,  
That they have put on a delicious savour,  
And all is halcyon quiet, all within.  
Bianca !—Where is she ?—why comes she not ?——  
Yet I do almost wish her not to come,  
Lest she again enamour me of life.

PHILARIO.

Hast thou no charge to her, no fond bequest ?—  
It shall lose little by my bearing it.

FAZIO.

Oh yes, oh yes !—I have her picture here :  
That I had seen it in one hour of my life,  
In Aldabella's arms had it look'd on me,  
I should have had one sin less to repent of.  
I'm loth the coarse and vulgar executioner  
Should handle it with his foul gripe, or pass  
His ribald jests upon it.—Give it her.

*[With the picture he draws out some gold, on which  
he looks with great apparent melancholy.]*

PHILARIO.

And this too, sir?

FAZIO.

Oh, touch it not, Philario!

Oh, touch it not!—'tis venomous, 'tis viperous!

If there be bottomless sea, unfathom'd pit

In earth's black womb—oh, plunge it, plunge it deep,

Deep, dark! or if a devil be abroad,

Give it to him, to bear it whence it came,

To its own native Hell.—Oh no, no, no!—

He must not have it: for with it he'll betray

More men, more noble spirits than Lucifer

Drew down from heaven. This yellow pestilence

Laid waste my Eden; made a gaudy bird of me,

For soft Temptation's silken nets to snare.

It crept in to us—Sin came with it—Misery

Dogg'd its foul footsteps—ever-deepening Sin,

And ever-darkening Misery.—Philario,

Away with it!—away!—(*Takes the picture*) Here's

fairer gazing.

Thou would'st not think these smooth and smiling lips  
Could speak away a life—a husband's life.  
Yet ah! I led the way to sin—I wrong'd her:  
Yet, Heaven be witness, though I wrong'd her, loved her,  
E'en in my heart of heart.

*Enter BIANCA.*

Who's that, Bianca,  
That's loved so deeply?—Fazio, Fazio, Fazio—  
It is that morrow!—

FAZIO.

Nay, look cheeringly:  
It may be God doth punish in this world  
To spare hereafter.

BIANCA.

Fazio, set me loose!—  
Thou clasp'st thy murderess.

FAZIO.

No, it is my love,  
My wife, my children's mother!—Pardon me,



Bianca ; but thy children—I'll not see them :  
For on the wax of a soft infant's memory  
Things horrible sink deep and sternly settle.  
I would not have them, in their after-days,  
Cherish the image of their wretched father  
In the cold darkness of a prison-house.  
Oh, if they ask thee of their father, tell them  
That he is dead, but say not how.

BIANCA.

No, no—

Not tell them, that their mother murder'd him.

FAZIO.

But are they well, my love ?

BIANCA.

What, had I freed them  
From this drear villains' earth, sent them before us,  
Lest we should miss them in another world,  
And so be fetter'd by a cold regret  
Of this sad sunshine ?

FAZIO.

Oh, thou hast not been

So wild a rebel to the will of God!  
If that thou hast, 'twill make my passionate arms,  
That ring thee round so fondly, drop off from thee,  
Like sere and wither'd ivy; make my farewell  
Spoken in such suffocate and distemper'd tone,  
'Twill sound more like——

BIANCA.

They live! thank God, they live!

I should not rack thee with such fantasies:  
But there have been such hideous things around me,  
Some whispering me, some dragging me; I've felt  
Not half a moment's calm since last we parted,  
So exquisite, so gentle, as this now—  
I could sleep on thy bosom, Fazio.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

Prisoner,

Thine hour is come.

BIANCA.

It is not morning yet—

Where is the twilight that should usher it?

Where is the sun, that should come golden on?

Ill-favour'd liar, to come prate of morning,

With torchlight in thy hand to scare the darkness.

ANTONIO.

Thou dost forget; day's light ne'er pierceth here:

The sun hath kindled up the open air.

BIANCA.

I say, 'tis but an hour since it was evening,

A dreary, measureless, and mournful hour,

Yet but an hour.

FAZIO.

I will obey thee, officer!

Yet but a word—Bianca, 'tis a strange one—

Canst thou endure it, dearest?—Aldabella——

BIANCA.

Curse her!

FAZIO.

Peace, peace!—'tis dangerous: sinners' curses  
Pluck them down tenfold from the angry heavens  
Upon the curser's head—Beseech thee, peace!—  
Forgive her—for thy Fazio's sake, forgive her.

BIANCA.

Any thing not to think on her——Not yet—  
They shall not kill thee—by my faith they shall not!  
I'll clasp mine arms so closely round thy neck,  
That the red axe shall hew them off, ere shred  
A hair of thee: I will so mingle with thee,  
That they shall strike at random, and perchance  
Set me free first——

*[The bell sounds, her grasp relaxes, and she  
stands torpid.]*

FAZIO (*kissing her, which she does not seem to be  
conscious of*).

Farewel, farewel, farewel!—

She does not feel, she does not feel!—Thank Heaven,

She does not feel her Fazio's last, last kiss!—

One other!—Cold as stone—sweet, sweet as roses.

[*Exit.*

BIANCA (*slowly recovering*).

Gone, gone!—he is not air yet, not thin spirit!—

He should not glide away—he is not guilty—

Ye murder and not execute—Not guilty.

[*Exit, followed by Philario.*

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### SCENE III.

*A magnificent Apartment in the Palace of ALDABELLA—*

*Every appearance of a ball prolonged till morning—*

DUKE, LORDS, FALSETTO, DANDOLO, and ALDABELLA.

DUKE.

'Tis late, 'tis late; the yellow morning light

Streams in upon our sick and waning lamps.

It was a jocund night: but good my friends,  
The sun reproves our lingering revelry;  
And, angry at our scorning of his state,  
Will shine the slumber from our heavy eyes.

GONSALVO.

There's one, my liege, will sleep more calm than we:  
But now I heard the bell with iron tongue  
Speak out unto the still and solemn air  
The death-stroke of the murderer Fazio.

DUKE.

So, lady, fare thee well: our gentlest thanks  
For thy fair entertaining.—Ha! what's here?

*Enter* BIANCA, *followed by* PHILARIO.

BIANCA.

Ha! ye've been dancing, dancing—so have I:  
But mine was heavy music, slow and solemn—  
A bell, a bell: my thick blood roll'd to it,  
My heart swung to and fro, a dull deep motion.

(*Seeing* ALDABELLA.)

'Tis thou, 'tis thou!—I came to tell thee something.

ALDABELLA (*alarmed and shrieking*).

Ah me! ah me!

BIANCA.

Nay, shrink not—I'll not kill thee:

For if I do, I know, in the other world,

Thou'lt shoot between me and my richest joys.—

Thou shalt stay here—I'll have him there—all—all of  
him.

DUKE.

What means the wild-hair'd maniac?

BIANCA (*moving him aside*).

By and by——

*To* ALDABELLA.

I tell thee, that warm cheek thy lips did stray on

But yesternight, 'tis cold and colourless:

The breath, that stirr'd among thy jetty locks,

That was such incense to thee—it is fled:

The voice, that call'd thee then, his soul of soul—  
I know it—'twas his favourite phrase of love—  
I've heard it many a time myself—'twas rapturous;  
That mild, that musical voice is dumb and frozen:  
The neck whereon thine arms did hang so tenderly,  
There's blood upon it, blood—I tell thee, blood.  
Dost thou hear that? is thy brain fire to hear it?  
Mine is, mine is, mine is.

DUKE.

'Tis Fazio's wife.

BIANCA.

It is not Fazio's wife.—Have the dead wives?  
Ay, ay, my liege, and I know thee, and well—  
Thou art the rich-robed minister of the laws.  
Fine laws! rare laws! most equitable laws!  
Who robs his neighbour of his yellow dust,  
Or his bright sparkling stones, or such gay trash—  
Oh, he must die, die for the public good.  
And if one steal a husband from his wife,



Do dive into her heart for its best treasure,  
 Do rend asunder whom Heaven link'd in one—  
 Oh, they are meek, and merciful, and milky—  
 'Tis a trick of human frailty—Oh, fine laws!  
 Rare laws! most equitable laws!

DUKE.

Poor wretch,  
 Who is it thus hath wrong'd thee?

BIANCA (*to the DUKE*).

Come thou here.

*The others crowd around her—she says to FALSETTO,*  
 Get back, get back: the god that thou adoredst,  
 Thy god is dead, thou pitiful idolater.

*To DANDOLO (showing her Dress).*

I know they're coarse and tatter'd—Get thee back.

*To the DUKE.*

I tell thee, that rich woman—she—My liege,  
 I'll speak anon—my lips do cling together—  
 There's dust about my tongue—I cannot move it.

DUKE.

Ho, there!—some wine!

BIANCA.

Thank thee, 'tis moist—I thank thee!

*(As she raises the goblet to her lips, she sees ALDABELLA,  
and dashes it away.)*

Her lips have been upon it—I'll have none on't.

ALDABELLA.

My liege, thou wilt not hearken to the tale  
Of a mad woman, venting her sick fancies  
Upon a lady of my state and honour!

DUKE.

Lady, there is one state alone, that holds  
Above the range of plumed and restless Justice  
Her throned majesty—the state of Virtue.—  
Poor sad distraught, speak on.

BIANCA.

I am not mad,  
Thou smooth-lipp'd slanderer!—I have been mad,

And then my words came vague, and loose, and broken ;  
But now, there's mode and measure in my speech.  
I'll hold my brain ; and then I'll tell my tale  
Simply and clearly.—Fazio, my poor Fazio—  
He murder'd not—he found Bartolo dead.  
The wealth did shine in his eyes, and he was dazzled.  
And when that he was gaily gilded up,  
She, she, I say, (nay, keep away from her,  
For she hath witchcraft all around her,) she  
Did take him to her chamber—Fie, my liege !  
What should my husband in her chamber ?—Then,  
Ay then, I madden'd.—Hark ! hark ! hark !—the bell,  
The bell that I set knolling—hark !—Here, here,  
Massy and cold it strikes—Here, here. (*Clasping her  
forehead.*)

GONSALVO.

Sad woman !

Tear not so piteously thy disorder'd hair !

BIANCA.

I do not tear my hair : there should be pain

If that I did; but all my pain's within (*with her hand  
to her bosom*).

It will not break, it will not break—'tis iron.

DUKE.

If this be true——

PHILARIO.

My liege, it is the tale  
That Fazio told me ere he died.

BIANCA.

Ay, sir,  
The dying lie not—he, a dying man,  
Lied not—and I, a dying woman, lie not:  
For I shall die, spite of this iron here.

DUKE to ALDABELLA.

There is confession in thy guilty cheeks.  
Thou high-born baseness! beautiful deformity!  
Dishonour'd honour!—How hast thou discredited  
All that doth fetter admiration's eye,  
And made us out of love with loveliness!

I do condemn thee, woman, by the warrant  
Of this my ducal diadem, to put on thee  
The rigid convent vows: there bleach anew  
Thy sullied breast; there temper thy rank blood;  
Lay ashes to thy soul; swathe thy hot skin  
In sackcloth; and God give thee length of days,  
T' atone, by this world's misery, this world's sin.

[*Exit* ALDABELLA.

BIANCA.

Bless thee, Heaven bless thee!—Yet it must not be.  
My Fazio said we must forgive her—Fazio  
Said so; and all he said is best and wisest.

DUKE.

She shall have her desert: . ought more to ask of us?

BIANCA.

My children—thou 'lt protect them—Oh, my liege,  
Make them not rich: let them be poor and honest.

DUKE.

I will, I will.

BIANCA.

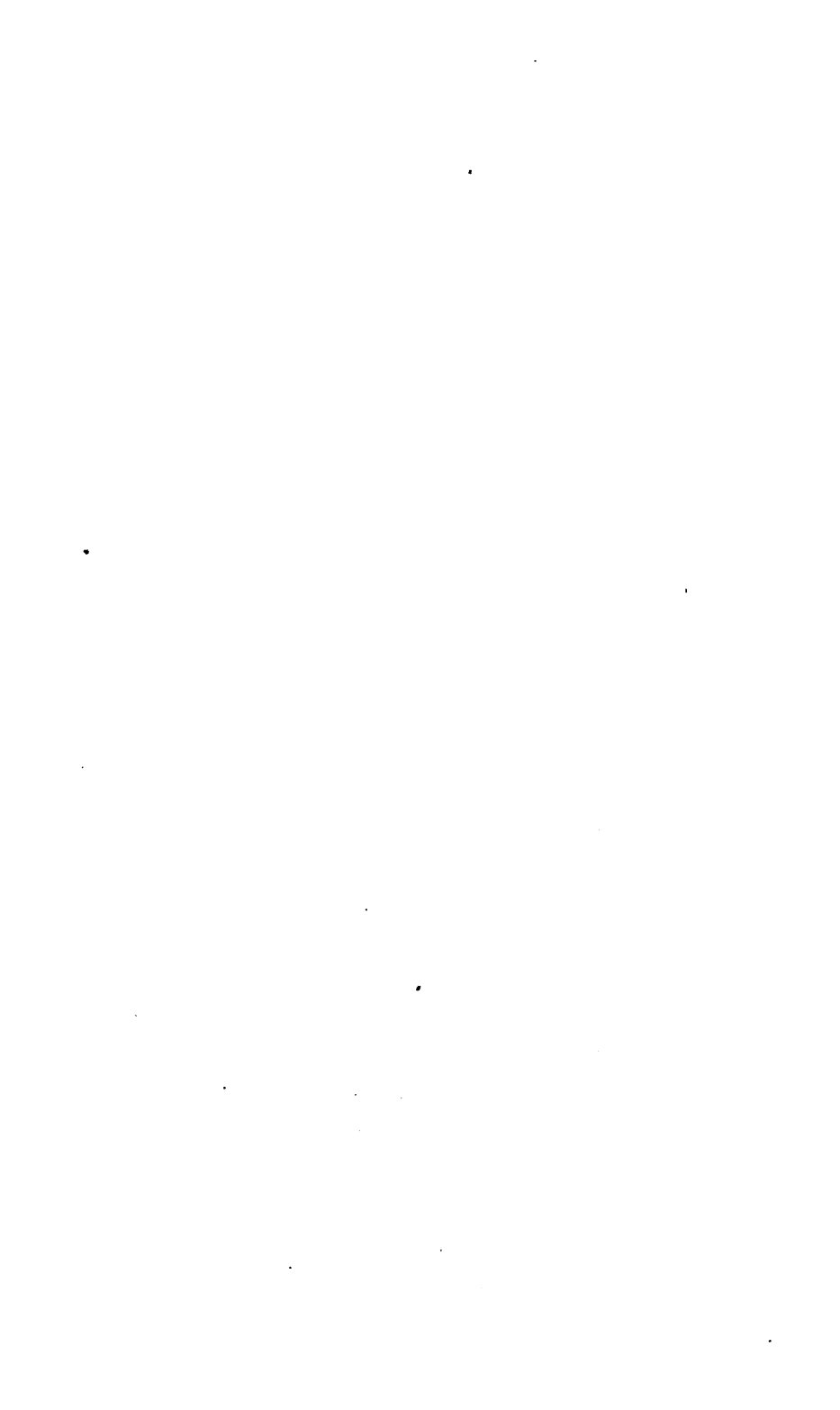
Why then 'tis time, 'tis time.

And thou believ'st he is no murderer? (*Duke bows  
assent.*)

Thou'lt lay me near him, and keep her away from us.

It breaks, it breaks, it breaks—it is not iron.

[*Dies.*]



**THE**  
**BELVIDERE APOLLO:**  
**A PRIZE POEM,**  
**RECITED**  
**IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,**  
**IN THE YEAR MDCCCXII.**



12/3/0

**THE**  
**BELVIDERE APOLLO.**

---

**HEARD** ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?  
**Heard** ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?  
**In** settled majesty of calm disdain,  
**Proud** of his might, yet scornful of the slain,  
**The** heav'nly Archer stands—no human birth,  
**No** perishable denizen of earth;  
**Youth** blooms immortal in his beardless face,  
**A** God in strength, with more than godlike grace;

**Note.** The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,  
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,  
But animate with deity alone,  
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,  
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;  
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,  
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:  
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high  
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:  
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined  
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,  
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,  
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian\*! with an eagle's flight  
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,

\* Agasias of Ephesus.

View'd the bright conclave of Heav'n's blest abode,  
And the cold marble leapt to life a God :  
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,  
And nations bow'd before the work of man.  
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,  
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours ;  
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway  
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day ;  
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep  
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,  
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,  
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance  
With more than rev'rence gazed the Maid of France.  
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood  
With him alone, nor thought it solitude ;  
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,  
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.

Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,  
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled :  
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,  
A voice of music melt upon her ear.  
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,  
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.  
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied.  
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.

Note. The foregoing fact is related in the work of Mons. Pinel  
sur l'Insanité.

**JUDICIUM REGALE,**

**AN ODE.**



# JUDICIUM REGALE,

AN ODE.

---

I SLEPT, and as in solemn judgment court  
Amid a tall imperial city sate,  
The sceptred of the world : their regal port  
Show'd lords of earth ; and as on empire's fate  
They communed, grave each brow, and front serene ;  
Holy and high their royalty of mien :  
Seem'd nor pale passion, nor blind interest base  
Within that kingly Sanhedrin had place.



Abroad were sounds as of a storm gone past,  
Or midnight on a dismal battle field ;  
Aye some drear trumpet spake its lonely blast,  
Aye in deep distance sad artillery peal'd,  
Booming their sullen thunders—then ensued  
The majesty of silence—on her throne  
Of plain or mountain, listening sate and lone  
Each nation to those crowned Peers' decree ;  
And this wide world of restless beings rude  
Lay mute and breathless as a summer sea.

To the Universal Judge, that conclave proud  
Their diadem-starr'd foreheads lowly bow'd :  
When, at some viewless summoner's stern call,  
Uprose in place the Imperial Criminal.

In that wan face nor ancient majesty  
Left wither'd splendor dim, nor old renown  
Lofty disdain in that sad sunken eye ;

No giant ruin even in wreck elate  
Frowning dominion o'er imperious fate,  
But one to native lowliness cast down.  
A sullen, careless desperation gave  
The hollow semblance of intrepid grief,  
Not that heroic patience nobly brave,  
That even from misery wrings a proud relief;  
Nor the dark pride of haughty spirits of ill,  
That from the towering grandeur of their sin,  
Wear on the brow triumphant gladness still,  
Heedless of racking agony within;  
Nor penitence was there, nor pale remorse,  
Nor memory of his fall from kingly state,  
And warrior glory in his sun-like course,  
Fortune his slave, and Victory his mate.  
'Twere doubt if that dark form could truly feel,  
Or were indeed a shape and soul of steel.

With that from North and South an ireful train  
Forth came that mighty Culprit to arraign.

The first was as a savage Horseman bold,  
    Uncouth his rude attire, his bearing wild ;  
But gallant was his brow that lightly smiled,  
    As seeming war some merry sport to hold :  
The air whereon his fleet steed seem'd to prance  
Flamed with the steely bickering of his lance.  
And on the waves of his broad banner's fold  
    An old barbaric Capital he bore,  
Like some tall grove of pinnacle and spire,  
Or snowy white, or gleaming rich with gold :  
But the red havoc of unspringing fire  
    A fatal flood of glory seem'd to pour ;  
And still from gilded roof or dome upbroke  
In dusky pillars huge the cloudy smoke.  
Nor word that Horseman spake, but as he came  
Waved his grim standard like a pall of flame.

And next came one all trim in fearful grace  
    And tall majestic symmetry of war,

Musquet and bayonet flashing bright and far ;  
Deliberate valour in his slow firm pace,  
And scorn of death—him at the portal arch  
Saluted blithe old Frederick's bugle march.  
Heavy his charge—of lordly King bow'd down  
In his own royal city to the frown

Of the base minion to a despot's hate— \*  
Then blanch'd the Soldier's bronzed and furrow'd cheek,  
While of coarse taunting outrage he 'gan speak,

To her the beautiful, the delicate,  
The queenly, but too gentle for a Queen—  
But in sweet pride upon that insult keen  
She smiled—then drooping mute, though brokenhearted,  
To the cold comfort of the grave departed.

The next like some old Baron's lordly son  
Bore what a rich imperial crown had been,  
But from its stars the pride of light was gone ;  
The joy of vengeance on that warrior's mien

\* Alluding to a governor being set over the King of Prussia in Berlin.

Was chasing the red hues of ancient shame :  
Not of Marengo's fair-fought field he told,  
Nor the wide waves of blood huge Danube roll'd ;  
But him that in strong Ulm play'd that foul game,  
Bartering his country and his soul for gold :  
And that fair royal Maid, by battle won  
Like thing that hath nor will nor sense, and borne  
A bright and beauteous trophy to adorn  
The brittle grandeur of an upstart's throne.

Next came a stately Lady, once was she  
Queen of the Nations : of her despot sway  
Earth boasted, every flood and every sea  
Water'd her tributary realms, and day  
Rose only on her empire : now it seem'd  
That she had cast her cumbrous crown away  
To slumber in her vales that basking lie  
In the luxurious azure of her sky ;  
On Saint or Virgin, such as Raphael dream'd,  
In almost blameless fond idolatry,  
Speechless to gaze, and bow the adoring knee ;

In the soul's secret chambers to prolong  
The rapturous ravishment of harp and song.  
Music was in her steps, and all her eye  
Was dark and eloquent with ecstasy.

Rapine her charge—of Florence' princely halls,  
And that fall'n Empress by old Tiber's side  
Reft of the sole sad relics of her pride ;  
For the iron conqueror ravish'd from her walls  
Those shapes that in their breathing colours warm  
In tall arcade or saintly chapel lived,  
And all wherein the soul of Greece survived  
The more than human of each marble form.

Of the proud bridegroom of the Adrian Sea,  
Once like his bride magnificent and free,  
Sunk to a bond-slave's desperate apathy.

And him the Holiest deem'd, the chosen of God,  
Beneath an earthly lord bow'd down to kiss the rod.

And next came one, the bravery of whose front  
Crested hereditary pride ; his arms  
Were dark and dinted by rude battle's brunt :  
Of Sovereign young he spake by wizard charms  
Of hollow smiling treachery from the throne  
Of two fair worlds to felon durance lured,  
A King in narrow prison walls immured ;  
And some rude islander's soul-groveling son  
Set up to be a princely nation's Lord :—  
But then the Spaniard with fierce brow and bright  
Brandish'd the cloudy flaming of his sword ;  
Full was his soul of Zaragoza's fight,  
And the high Pyrenean snows o'erleap'd,  
And other Parias with Frank carnage heap'd.

The brother of his wrongs and of his wrath  
Was with him in the triumph of his path.  
He of his exile Prince 'gan loudly boast ;  
To be a sceptred slave, a pageant King,  
He scorn'd, and on his fleet bark's gallant wing  
For kingly freedom the wild ocean crost.

Whom saw I then in port and pride a Queen,  
Come walking o'er her own obsequious sea?  
I knew thee well, the valiant; rich, and free—  
As when old Rome, her Roman virtue tame,  
Gazed, when in arms that bold Dictator came;  
With the iron ransom of her Capitol  
Startled to flight the fierce insulting Gaul—  
Camillus of mankind! thy regal mien  
Gladden'd all earth; the nations from their rest  
Joyful upleap'd: with modest front elate,  
Like one that hath proud conscience in her breast,  
Thou brakest the blank silence—"Woe and hate  
To this bad man for those my good and great,  
That sleep amid the Spaniard's mountains rude  
In the sad beauty of the hero's fate.  
To this bad man immortal gratitude,  
For he hath taught, who slaves the free of earth  
Fettereth the whirlwind: hath given glorious birth  
To deeds that dwarf my old majestic fame,  
Make BLAKE and MARLBOROUGH languid sound and  
tame



To NELSON and that Chief to whom defeat  
Is like an undiscover'd star—hath shown  
More than the Macedonian victories vain  
To rivet on the earth the Oppressor's chain :  
As little will yon Sun's empyrean throne  
Endure a mortal seat, as this wide globe  
Be one man's appanage ; or my fair isle,  
That precious gem in ocean's azure robe,  
Cast Freedom's banner down, by force or guile  
Master'd, and forfeit earth's renown and love,  
And her bright visions of high meed above.

Then all at once did from all earth arise  
Fierce imprecations on that man of sin ;  
And all the loaded winds came heavy in  
With exultations and with agonies.  
From the lone coldness of the widow's bed,  
The feverish pillow of the orphan's head,  
From dying men earth's woful valleys heaping,  
From smouldering cities in their ashes sleeping,  
Like the hoarse tumbling of a torrent flood  
Mingled the dismal concord—" blood for blood."

But then arose a faded shape and pale,

Once had she been a peerless princely dame ;  
Downcast her grace of grief ; she seem'd to veil

The mournful beauty of her face for shame.  
And is this she whose sprightly laughing mirth  
Was like the blithe spring on the festal earth ;  
Aye dancing at the moonlight close of day,  
Mid purple vineyards, graceful, light, and gay ;  
Or in high pomp and gallant pride of port  
Holding rich revel in her gorgeous court?—

Abrupt her speech and wild—"When I 'gan wake

From that my sleep of madness, all around  
Of human blood a broad and livid lake

Was in my splendid cities ; mound on mound  
Rose peopled with my noble princely dead :

And o'er them the fell anarch, Murther, stood

Grimly reposing in his weary mood—

I turn'd, all trembling turn'd, my guilty head :

There humankind had leagued their arms of dread

'Gainst the Blasphemer of fair Freedom's name,  
Heaven gave no hope, for heaven I dared disclaim.

High in the flaming car of Victory riding,  
From Alp to Alp his chamois warriors guiding,  
The peril of wild Lodi's arch bestriding,

I saw yon Chieftain in his morn of fame;  
Cities and armies at his beck sank down,  
And in the gaudy colours of renown

The fabling Orient vested his young name.  
The bright and baleful Meteor I adored,  
Low bow'd I down, and said—"Be thou my Lord!"

Like old and ruinous towers, the ancient thrones

Crumbled, and dynasties of elder time;  
The banners of my conquest-plumed sons

Flouted the winds of many a distant clime:  
On necks of vanquish'd kings I fix'd my seat,  
And the broad Rhine roll'd vassal at my feet.

Thrice did the indignant Nations league their might,  
Thrice the red darkness of the battle night  
Folded the recreant terror of their flight.  
Realms sack'd and ravaged empires sooth'd my toils,  
And Satrap Chiefs were Monarchs from my spoils.  
In solitude of freedom that rich Queen  
Sate in her sanctity of waves serene.

From cliff and beach, dominion in their motion,  
I saw her stately navies' broad array,  
Like jealous lords at watch, that none but they  
Adulterate with their fair majestic ocean.  
And cries I heard like frenzy and dismay  
Of NELSON, NELSON deepening on their way.  
But what to me though red the western deep  
With other fires than of the setting sun?  
And what to me though round Trafalgar's steep  
My haughty pennon'd gallies, one by one,  
Come rolling their huge wrecks on the waves' sweep?  
Go rule thy brawling and tumultuous sea,  
Briton, but leave the servile earth to me.

And what to me though in my dungeons deep  
By this new Charlemagne dark deeds were done—  
Will the stones start and babble to the sun  
How that bold Briton Wright, and Pichegru sleep?

At noon of night I heard the drum of death,  
Like evil spirits on the blasted heath  
By the drear torchlight iron men were met,  
The mockery of justice soon was past;  
Again the drum its dismal warning beat;  
Then flashing musquets deathful lustre cast  
A moment on the victim; he sedate  
In calm disdain of even a felon's fate,  
His royal breast bared to the soldier's mark,  
Seeming to pity with his steady sight  
Those poor mechanic murderers—then 'twas dark,  
All but yon crown'd Assassin's visage bright,  
Who waved his torch in horrible delight.  
O blood of Condé! Could thy spirit rest  
In thy tame country's cold ungrateful breast?

Yet in my drunkenness of pride I mock'd  
Mean crimes that would a petty tyrant shame,  
For still in glory's cradle was I rock'd,  
Mine eagle eyrie crown'd the steep of fame.  
Nought heeded I, that the proud Son of Spain,  
Like a fierce courser that has burst his chain,  
Shook the base slavery from his floating mane.  
And that new British Arthur's virgin shield  
Won its rich blazon on Vimeira's field.

For lo, my cities throw their portals wide ;  
Gorgeous my festal streets, as when of old  
The monarchs met upon the plain of gold—  
Lo, on my throne a bright and royal bride.

Vain all my pomp, imperial beauty vain  
The reveller in battles to restrain.

And at his word, as at the fabled wand  
Of old magician, from the teeming land,

Myriad on myriad, harness'd warriors rise ;  
The earth was darkened with excess of light,  
Line after line, insufferably bright ;  
The black artillery in their cloudy might,

Impious defiance launch'd against the skies.  
With tamer sounds did that wild Heathen \* vaunt  
Amid his thund'rous heavens high Jove to daunt.  
Day after day I saw their pomp depart ;  
Then said the haughty frenzy of my heart,  
When o'er this world thy victor wheels are driven,  
Wilt thou go vanquish the bright stars of Heaven ?

And lo, the rival nations hurrying  
To crowd beneath my passing eagle's wing ;  
Lo, 'mong my captains many a sceptred king.

Now, now the northern skies are all on fire  
As with some mighty Empire's funeral pyre !

\* Salmoneus.

Why bring they not proud Catherine's trophies home?  
I hear the sound of wheels—"They come, they come."

A solitary sound—no pomp of war,  
One dastard pale accomplice of his flight,  
He comes, whom earth, and all earth's sons obey,  
The peerless and the paragon of might:  
The pinnacle of the Persian runaway  
Was glory to his lone and hurrying car.

I ask'd for those in fight, in triumph tried,  
The partners of his peril and his pride.  
He, in a tyrant's mockery of my woe,  
Bade me go seek them in the Scythian snow.

Then felt I what a pitiful tame slave  
Was I, who vaunted me mankind's sole queen,  
The satellite of one man's wayward spleen—  
The remnant of my fair, my young, my brave,



Were rent once more to forge the adamant chain  
Burst by the nations, who with one accord  
Shook the bright vengeance of the freeman's sword—  
Another year—and the broad Rhine again  
Shrouded the sceptred fugitive's pale train,  
Then turn'd a rebel, roll'd her free waves to the main.

And now the banners of the embattled world  
Their folds of vengeance on my vales unfurl'd.  
Oh, bloody was the evening of thine ire,  
Thou gorgeous comet of disastrous fire!

I wont to see, as from some quiet star  
Deluging slaughter this fair earth o'erwhelm,  
On the rich bosom of my sunny realm  
Gave quarry to the ravening dogs of war.

But mercy shone upon the merciless!  
Strong but to save and valiant but to bless,

No ruthless Cæsars clad in blood and flame,  
Royal in virtue the Avengers came.  
Those whom I spoil'd, no spoilers came to me,  
I said, "Beslave, O earth!" but they—"O France, be free.

"For yon dark chief of woe, and guilt, and strife,  
O sceptred Judges! punish him with life.  
Fear not he seek with the old Roman pride,  
That weakness to the noble soul allied,  
To die as Cato, and as Brutus died.  
Fear not that in his abject heart he show  
That martyr fortitude, that smiles in woe.  
By him shall that great secret be betray'd,  
Of what poor stuff are earth's dread tyrants made.  
Oh, let him live to be despised, to see  
France happy, and the glorious nations free;  
Death were delight to that deep misery!"—

Then did that kingly conclave, with one voice,  
Pass the dread sentence on the gloomy man;

In his soul's icy deadness he alone  
By others' woes seem'd harden'd to his own.

From land to land the penal tidings ran ;  
Earth lifted up her rich face to rejoice,  
The bright blue heavens bade wintry warring cease,  
And spring came dancing o'er a world at peace.

**ALEXANDER TUMULUM ACHILLIS  
INVISENS,**

***POEMA,***

**CANCELLARII PRÆMIO DONATUM, ET IN THEATRO  
SHELDONIANO**

**RECITATUM DIE JUN. XXX<sup>mo</sup>. A. D. 1813.**



ALEXANDER TUMULUM ACHILLIS INVISIBLES.

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JAM puer Emathius Thebarum nigra favillâ  
Mœnia, Cadmeamque arcem, jam Palladis urbem  
Immemorem famæ, pronamque in jussa tyranni  
Fregerat; at victas gentes partosque triumphos  
Spernit atrox animi, et pacem fastidit inertem.  
Europes angusta pati confinia nescit  
Mentito soboles Jove non indigna, novumque  
Poscit in arma orbem; jam transilit Hellespontum,  
Purpureique Asiæ procures atque agmina regum,  
Sceptrigeri quotquot stipant Babylonia Medi  
Atria, Grajugenum horrescunt nota arma virorum,

Myrmidonumque graves, fatalia tela, sarissas,  
Confertos clypeos, inconcussamque phalangen.—

At simul ac Phrygiæ campos, Priameia regna,  
Conspicit, et Graiæ latè loca conscia famæ  
Gramineosque ducum tumulos, subit undique Achivum  
Gloria et adversis bellantia numina in armis,  
Et Lacedæmoniâ sævæ pro conjuge clades.  
Omne igitur lustrare juvat, quod mente dolores  
Iliacos renovet, Danaumque resuscitet iras.  
Spumeus hic Xanthus nemorosâ pronus ab Idâ,  
Non galeas non scuta virûm, sed proruta saxa  
Arboreosque rapit violento flumine truncos.  
Hic, ubi luxuriat flaventi campus aristâ,  
Laomedonteum fuit Ilion, undique nullæ  
Reliquiæ apparent muri, fractæve columnæ,  
Oblita non musco viridanti saxa, Pelasgi  
Usque adeo miseras Trojæ invidere ruinas.  
Rhæteasque procul rupes, tumulumque capacem,  
Ajacis, vastâ elatum super æquora mole

Cernere erat—sed nulla quies—sed fervidus Heros  
Stare loco nescit, flagratque cupidine pugnæ.  
Devenit at tandem, Sigeo ubi littore collis  
Eminet apricus, quem suaveolentia circum  
Serpylla, et viridi cingunt dumeta coronâ.  
Hunc et Abydenus seu mollem navita Lesbos,  
Pampineamve Chion, Samiæve altaria Divæ  
Invisit, radiante orientis lumine solis  
Prospicit ardentem, remoque acclinis, Homeri  
Suave aliquod carmen secum meditatur, et hæret  
Ingentem tumulum, et Manes veneratus Achillis.

Qualis Mæonii divino in carmine vatis  
Stat torvus vultu, et cœlestibus horret in armis,  
Fulmineosque agitat currus sublimis, et unum  
Hectora, per trepidas unum petit Hectora turmas:  
Haud aliter cæcâ Æacides tellure videtur,  
Ceu lituo fremituque armorum excitus amato,  
Tollere se, juvenique ingens gratarier umbra.



Hunc videt, et viso gaudet, quin totus inani  
Figitur in specie, quamque ipse effinxerat umbram  
Esse putat veram, mutoque immobilis ore  
Stat Macedo; ast Asiæ fines atque ultimus orbis  
Sentit Alexandri requiem, tardataque fata.

Tum lecti comites instaurant sacra, et odori  
Rite coronatis fumant altaribus ignes.  
Fervet opus, latices pars vivo e fonte, Lyæo  
Immistos roseo, sinceraque flumina lactis  
Auratis libant pateris, pars florea circum  
Serta, et odoriferos dispergunt veris honores.  
Quin et gramineam niveus mactatur ad aram  
Taurus, et humectat sacratam sanguine arenam.

At procul Idæo spectat de vertice pompam  
Turba Phrygum, mistaque irâ et formidine mussat,  
Hos novus angit honos et adhuc invisus Achilles.  
Atque aliqua in trepida mater stat mæsta catervâ

Andromachen animo reputans, Ithacique cruentâ  
Astyanacta manu dejectum mœnibus altis,  
Dilectumque premit pavefacta ad pectora natum.  
Stat virgo, mæstosque foveat sub corde timores,  
Ne nova materno direpta Polyxena collo  
Placet Achilleos infando sanguine Manes.

At Rex Emathius nodosæ innititur hastæ  
Majestate minax tacitâ, ceu numine plenus  
Fatidico vates, e pectore protinus amens  
Excutit ille Deum, pulcher furor occupat ora,  
Terror inest oculis, procerior emicat ingens  
Forma viri, fluitant agitatae in casside cristæ.

“ Me quoque, me,” clamat, “ belli post mille labores,  
“ Post fractas urbes, post regna hâc proruta dextrâ  
“ Ultima cantabit tellus, gens nulla silebit  
“ Nomen Alexandri, sobolemque fatebitur Hammon.  
“ Te, magne Æacida, decimus te viderit annus  
“ Iliacas arces et debita Pergama fatis

- “ Oppugnantem armis, me Sol mirabitur ire  
“ Victorem, cursuque suos prævertere currus.  
“ Jam Susa, et præclara auro niveoque elephanto  
“ Ecbatana, et frustra patriorum ope freta Deorum  
“ Persepolis (tristes inhiant ceu nubibus atris  
“ Agricolaë dubii quos fulmine proterat agros  
“ Jupiter) expectant ruiturum in mœnia Martem;  
“ Servitium quibus una salus, quibus ultima et una est.  
“ Gloria Alexandri dextrâ meruisse ruinam.  
“ Adsum ego, jam Babylon æratas pandere portas  
“ Festinat, patiturque superbo flumine pontem  
“ Euphrates, Graiûmque minax strepit ungula equorum,  
“ Et Larisseus super ardua mœnia currus;  
“ Quo ferus Hystaspes, quo tramite Cyrus adegit  
“ Quadrijugos, Lydoque equitavit fulgidus auro,  
“ Et non fœmineis aninosa Semiramis armis.  
“ Deinde coloratos, qualis Jovis ales, ad Indos,  
“ Et matutinæ rosea incunabula lucis  
“ Deferor, auriferos Macedo bibit impiger amnes.  
“ Atque ubi Pellæis tellus jam deficit armis,

“ Nec superest nostro gens non indigna triumpho,

“ Unus Alexander victo dominabitur orbi.

“ Jamque procul Martis strepitus, jam pervenit aures

“ Ferrea vox belli, jam dira ad proelia Medus

“ Aureus accingit galeam gladiumque coruscat

“ Impatiens fati, et Graiæ vim provocat ultro

“ Cuspidis, ardentique superbit barbarus ostro—

“ Non æquas, Darie, malo petis omine pugnas!

“ Ibat ovans ferrum Argolicis flammisque carinis

“ Insanâ virtute ferens Priameius Hector.

“ Illum ergo Iliacæ rediturum vespere sero

“ Speravere nurus, Pelide cæde madentem

“ Atque Agamemnonios agitantem ad Pergama currus.

“ Speravere diu—crines procul ille venustos

“ Formosumque caput foedabat pulvere in atro

“ Sordidus, Argivisque dabat ludibria nautis.

“ Tartareas fauces reserabit et horrida claustra

“ Rex Erebi, utque meam videat coram invidus hastam,

- “ Myrmidonumque feros referencia bella parentes,  
“ Ad superas ingentem auras emittit Achillem.  
“ Ille mihi pugnas inter fremitumque, furoremque  
“ Addit se comitem, et curru famulatur ovanti.  
“ Vidi egomet, nisi vana oculos illusit imago,  
“ Spicula crispantem, atque minaci cassida fronte,  
“ Nutantem, quæ luce vagos tremefecit ahenâ  
“ Priamidas, nigrumque auratis Memnona bigis.  
“ Vidi egomet, neque vana fides, atroxque sub Orco  
“ Immortalem animam tangit laus sera nepotum,  
“ Famaque Tartareis sonat haud ingrata sub umbris.  
“ Felix Æacida ! tacitas inglorius îsses  
“ Ad sedes Erebi, cæcâque oblivia nocte  
“ Invida pressissent nomen, quod barbarus Istri  
“ Potor, et Herculeis gens si qua admota columnis  
“ Novit, et Æthiopes non æquo Sole calentes.  
“ At tibi Mæonides, seu quis Deus, aurea Olympi  
“ Regna procul linquens, cæci senis induit ora,  
“ Et plusquam mortale melos, bellumque, tumultumque

“ Infremuit, divina tuæ præconia laudis,  
“ Æternumque dedit viridem frondescere famam.

“ Et nobis quandoque dabunt hæc ultima dona  
“ Dii, quibus Emathium decus et mea gloria curæ.  
“ Exoriare aliquis, nostrum qui nomen, Homerus,  
“ Pellæosque feras ad sæcula sera triumphos,  
“ Exoriare, novus plectro non deerit Achilles.”—

Hæc fatus, clypeo fremuit, dirosque dedere  
Æra sonos, quassisque armis exercitus omnis  
Intonuere, simul nemorosa remugiit Ida.  
Quos sonitus, Granice, tuum ad fatale fluentum,  
Persarumque acies et pictis Medus in armis  
Agnovere procul, solio Darius eburno  
Exsiluit, fatigue pavens præsagia iniqui  
Non audituro fudit vota irrita cœlo.



# **FORTUNE.**

**FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUIDI.**





## F O R T U N E.

---

A LADY, like to Juno in her state,  
Upon the air her golden tresses streaming,  
And with celestial eyes of azure beaming,  
Entered whilere my gate.  
Like a Barbaric Queen  
On the Euphrates shore,  
In purple and fine linen was she pall'd,  
Nor flower nor laurel green,  
Her tresses for their garland wore  
The splendor of the Indian emerald.  
But through the rigid pride and pomp unbending  
Of beauty and of haughtiness,  
Sparkled a flattery sweet and condescending;  
And from her inmost bosom sent,

Came accents of most wonderous gentleness,  
    Officious and intent  
To thrall my soul in soft imprisonment.

And, "place," she said, "thy hand within my hair,  
    And all around thou'lt see  
Delightful chances fair  
    On golden feet come dancing unto thee.  
Me Jove's daughter shalt thou own,  
    That with my sister Fate  
    Sits by his side in state  
On the eternal throne.  
Great Neptune to my will the ocean gives ;  
    In vain, in well appointed strength secure,  
The Indian and the Briton strives  
    The assaulting billows to endure ;  
Unless their flying sails I guide  
Where over the smooth tide  
On my sweet spirit's wings I ride.  
I banish to their bound  
The storms of dismal sound,

And o'er them take my stand with foot serene ;  
The Æolian caverns under  
The wings of the rude winds I chain,  
And with my hand I burst asunder  
The fiery chariot wheels of the hurricane :  
And in its fount the horrid restless fire  
I quench ere it aspire  
To Heaven to colour the red Comet's train.

This is the hand that forged on Ganges' shore  
The Indians' empire ; by Orontes set  
The royal tiar the Assyrian wore ;  
Hung jewels on the brow of Babylon,  
By Tigris wreath'd the Persian's coronet,  
And at the Macedonian's foot bow'd every throne.  
It was my lavish gift,  
The triumph and the song  
Around the youth of Pella loud uplift,  
When he through Asia swept along,  
A torrent swift and strong ;

With me, with me the Conqueror ran  
To where the Sun his golden course began;  
And the high Monarch left on earth  
A faith unquestion'd of his heavenly birth;  
By valour mingled with the Gods above,  
And made a glory of himself to his great Father Jove.

My royal spirits oft  
Their solemn mystic round  
On Rome's great birth-day wound:  
And I the haughty Eagles sprung aloft  
Unto the Star of Mars upborne,  
Till, poising on their plummy sails,  
They 'gan their native vales  
And Sabine palms to scorn:  
And I on the seven hills to sway  
That Senate House of Kings convened,  
On me their guide and stay  
Ever the Roman counsels lean'd  
In danger's lofty way.  
I guerdoned the wise delay

Of Fabius with the laurel crown,  
And hot Marcellus' fiercer battle tone ;  
And I on the Tarpeian did deliver  
    Afric a captive, and through me Nile flow'd  
Under the laws of the great Latin river ;  
And of his bow and quiver  
The Parthian rear'd a trophy high and broad :  
The Dacian's fierce inroad  
Against the gates of iron broke,  
Taurus and Caucasus endured my yoke :  
Then my vassal and my slave  
    Did every native land of every wind become,  
    And when I had o'ercome  
All earth beneath my feet, I gave  
    The vanquish'd world in one great gift to Rome.

I know that in thine high imagination,  
    Other daughters of Great Jove  
Have taken their Imperial station,  
    And queen-like thy submissive passions move ;  
From them thou hop'st a high and god-like fate,

From them thy haughty verse presages  
An everlasting sway o'er distant ages,  
And with their glorious rages  
Thy mind intoxicate,  
Deems 'tis in triumphal motion,  
On courser fleet, or winged bark,  
Over earth and over ocean;  
While in shepherd hamlet dark  
Thou liv'st, with want within, and raiment coarse without;  
And none upon thy state hath thrown  
Gentle regard; I, I alone  
To new and lofty venture call thee out;  
Then follow, thus besought,  
Waste not thy soul in thought;  
Brooks nor sloth nor lingering  
The great moment on the wing.

“ A blissful lady and immortal, born  
From the eternal mind of Deity,  
(I answer'd, bold and free),

My soul hath in her queenly care ;  
She mine imagination doth upbear,  
    And steeps it in the light of her rich morn,  
That overshades and sicklies all thy shining ;  
    And though my lowly hair  
Presume not to bright crowns of thy entwining,  
    Yet in my mind I bear  
    Gifts nobler and more rare  
Than the kingdoms thou canst lavish,  
Gifts thou canst nor give nor ravish :  
And though my spirit may not comprehend  
    Thy chances bright and fair,  
Yet neither doth her sight offend  
    The aspect pale of miserable care :  
Horror to her is not  
Of this coarse raiment, and this humble cot ;  
She with the golden Muses doth abide,  
And oh ! the darling children of thy pride  
Shall then be truly glorified,



When they may merit to be wrapt around  
With my Poesy's eternal sound."

She kindled at my words and flamed, as when

A cruel star hath wide dispread

Its locks of bloody red,

She burst in wrathful menace then :

" Me fears the Dacian, me the band

Of wandering Scythians fears,

Me the rough mothers of Barbaric kings ;

In woe and dread amid the rings

Of their encircling spears

The purple tyrants stand ;

And a shepherd here forlorn

Treats my proffer'd boons with scorn.

And fears he not my wrath ?

And knows he not my works of scathe ;

Nor how with angry foot I went,

Of every province in the Orient

Branding the bosom with deep tracks of death?  
From three Empresses I rent  
The tresses and imperial wreath,  
And bar'd them to the pitiless element.  
Well I remember when his armed grasp  
From Asia stretch'd, rash Xerxes took his stand  
Upon the formidable bridge to clasp  
And manacle sad Europe's trembling hand:  
In the great day of battle there was I,  
Busy with myriads of the Persian slaughter,  
The Salaminian sea's fair face to dye,  
That yet admires its dark and bloody water;  
Full vengeance wreak'd I for the affront  
Done Neptune at the fetter'd Hellespont.

To the Nile then did I go,  
The fatal collar wound  
The fair neck of the Egyptian Queen around;  
And I the merciless poison made to flow  
Into her breast of snow.

Ere that within the mined cave,  
    I forced dark Afric's valour stoop  
    Confounded, and its dauntless spirit droop,  
When to the Carthaginian brave,  
With mine own hand, the hemlock draught I gave.

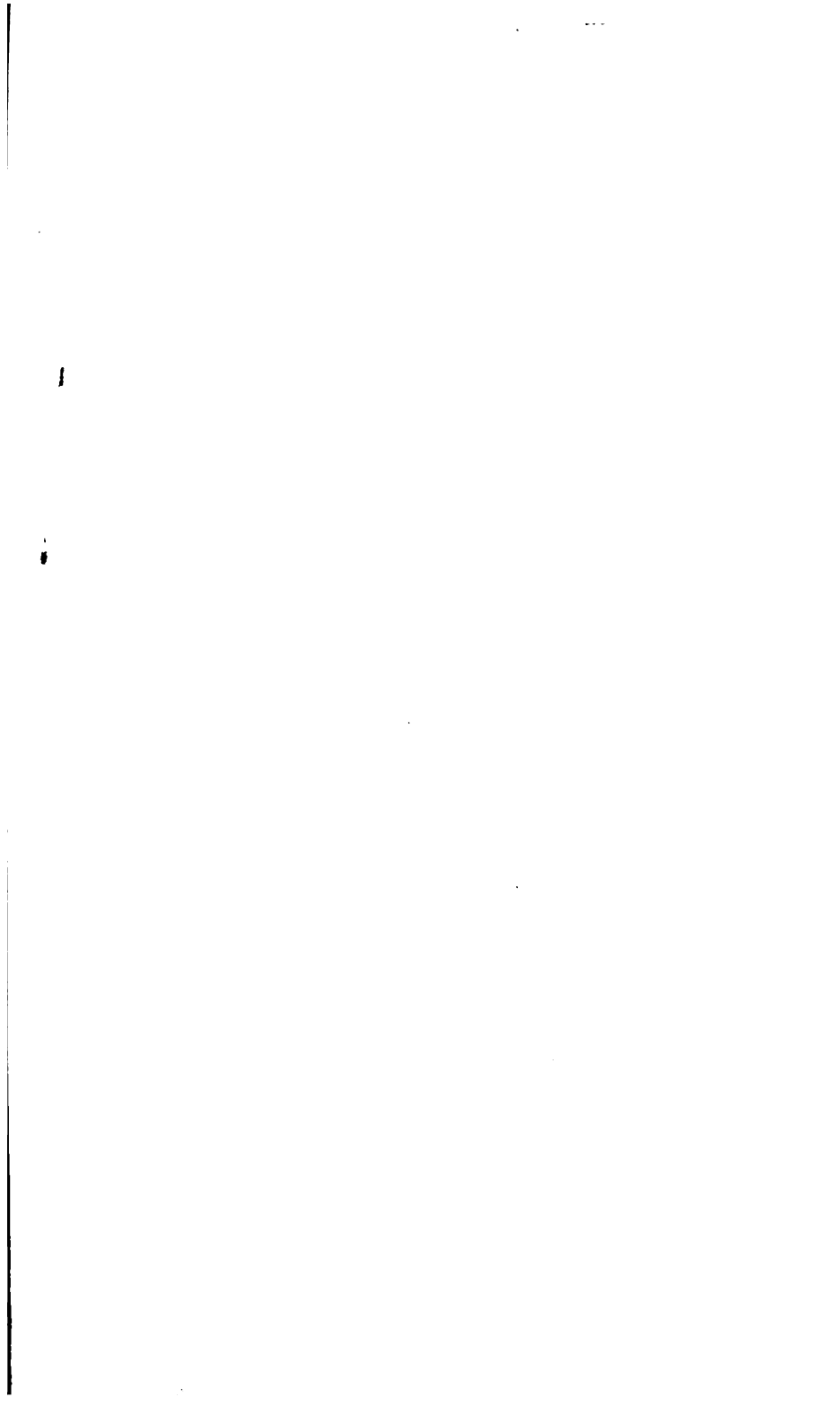
And Rome through me the ravenous flame  
    In the heart of her great rival, Carthage, cast,  
That went through Lybia wandering, a scorn'd  
    shade :  
Till, sunk to equal shame,  
    Her mighty enemy at last  
A shape of mockery was made :  
Then miserably pleased,  
Her fierce and ancient vengeance she appeased;  
And even drew a sigh  
    Over the ruins vast  
Of the deep-hated Latin majesty.  
I will not call to mind the horrid sword

Upon the Memphian shore,  
Steep'd treasonously in great Pompey's gore ;  
Nor that for rigid Cato's death abhorr'd ;  
Nor that which in the hand of Brutus wore  
The first deep colouring of a Cæsar's blood.  
Nor will I honour thee with my high mood  
Of wrath, that kingdoms doth exterminate ;  
Incapable art thou of my great hate,  
As my great glories. Therefore shall be thine  
Of my revenge a slighter sign ;  
Yet will I make its fearful sound  
Hoarse and slow rebound,  
Till seem the gentle pipings low,  
To equal the fierce trumpet's brazen glow."

Then sprung she on her flight,  
Furious, and at her call,  
Upon my cottage did the storms alight,  
Did hurricanes and thunders fall.

But I, with brow serene,  
Beheld the angry hail  
And lightning flashing pale,  
Devour the promise green  
Of my poor native vale.

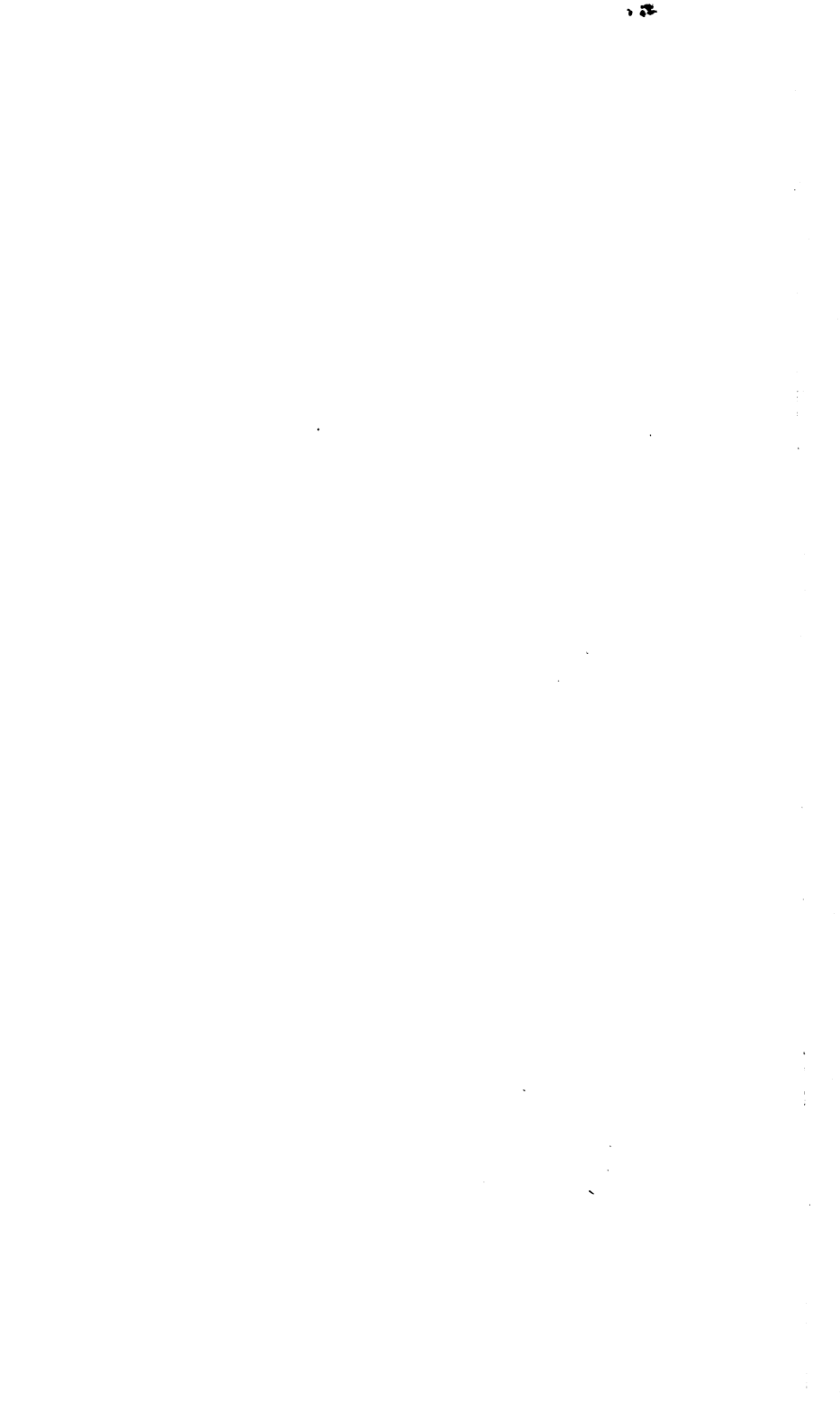
THE END.











JAN 9 1941

